

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1923

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1923, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

152 Chapters

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A Message From God 1923

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor January, 1923

WHAT will happen to us in 1923? We gaze solemnly towards the untrodden road, and we know one of these things may happen for the Christian. The Lord may come and take him home in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Then the "morning without clouds" will shine upon us, and the dawning of the day of glory will be ours. Are we waiting for His coming? Are we working in view of it?

We may pass through the gateways of the grave to our eternal rest. Two Christians were walking together in the fields. Suddenly one stops, and stands with upturned face to the heavens listening intently. After a while he says to his companion, "I have heard the music of heaven, and I am going home to die." They went to his home together, and he passed away to join forever in the music of the everlasting song.

The music may not come to us as a sign of our departure to be with Christ, but I trust the music of our living down here is in harmony with the music of the saints above. The poet says, and we can enter into the joy and wonder of it all: ■

"Thus do the morning stars together sing,

Our shout of joy replies;

For lo! He cometh as the solemn dawn

Awakes the silent skies.

The joy of God's high city peals afar,

Through portals open wide;

All heaven awaits the shining marriage train,

The Bridegroom and the Bride."

C. P. C.

If this is to be our last year, what shall we do with it? Shall it be the crown of all our other years in service to our Lord? Shall we gather up all the sunshine of His love that has been ours in the past, and make a rainbow of glory that shall shine from our hearts on earth to the throne of God in heaven? Shall His delivering power, and the Ebenezer's he has helped us to raise in all our past, stand before us as a mighty monument to the glory of His Name? Shall we love as we have never loved before, and hope as we have never hoped yet? Shall our faith be strong enough to enable us to trample Satan under our feet, and real enough to enable us to pluck the fruits of heaven from off the trees of God? Oh! to be true to His Word and to His Name, so that if He comes He may find us waiting for Him, and if we have to die may He be with us as we go to be with Him, and if He

leaves us here a little longer may we be found working in His harvest fields.

It was Dr. Morison, of Chelsea, who said to one who warned him he was overworking himself, "Depend upon it, the lazy worker dies first." May we be found occupied when He comes, and remember always that whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's.

I have written an article on "The Ways of God," which I trust may be acceptable to God. It deals principally with the home-going of my father and mother, and what their influence was upon the life. I should like to continue the series, if it is the Lord's will.

I have received so much encouragement from letters sent by loving friends, some of which are printed on the last page, that my heart is overflowing with the joy of it all. One word in closing. Our shelves are emptying fast, and the stores of God are full. May we have the key of faith to unlock the riches of heaven! We want fifty thousand Testaments. We want booklets and tracts. We pray you to give us the New Year's joy of seeing our shelves filled once more for 1923.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

The Ways of God

I have been often asked to speak of the ways of God to me, and how He has led me, but I would far rather speak of Him. I know in my life “He has done all things well.” He has borne with me with long-suffering grace in my wild and willful days. I have often wronged Him by faithlessness and backsliding, but the love that saves is ours forever.

To think of one’s own life is to think of failure after failure; to think of Him is to say, “Mercy from first to last.” We know that what we have done for Him is written upon the archives of everlasting remembrance, and what we have done to please ourselves, or simply to impress others, will feed the flames of oblivion.

One thing God, by His Spirit has always enabled me to do, and that is to justify Him in every circumstance of my life, and to be able to say to my blessed Lord, even in times of greatest failure and regret, “Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.”

The Ways of God. It was His way to give me most godly parents, and to answer their prayers for my salvation when I was a boy of nine. He has allowed me to stay in His service for more than fifty years. My godly father passed away when my gospel work was at its height (1887). His wonderful life for God, and his wonderful departure to be with Christ, abide with me as a sacred remembrance after more than thirty years.

When the summons came to call him to eternity, almost suddenly, he said, “I have not a doubt, I have not a fear.” I never saw such radiant happiness as was his in speaking to, and about, the Lord Jesus. “Is it not wonderful,” he said, “Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.” With rapt and adoring face turned to heaven he communed with the Lord in the most exalted prayer and thanksgiving. “Sing,” he cried■

“Glory, glory, everlasting,

Be to Him who bore the cross;

Who redeemed our souls by tasting

Death■the death deserved by us.

Spread His glory,

Who redeemed His people thus.”

We sang the verse, and he joined feebly, clasping his hands. Then we stopped, but the weak voice began the second verse■

“His is love, ‘tis love unbounded,

Without measure, without end;

Human thought is here confounded,

'Tis too vast to comprehend.

Praise the Saviour,

Magnify the sinner's friend."

He cheered our devoted mother with many words of God, and expressions of affection. Like one of the old patriarchs, he blessed each one of his sons and daughters, as they knelt beside his bed, and then passed weeping from the room. At another time when all his children and their mother stood around him as he lay, he said, looking from one to the other, with lips moving in prayer, "Forever altogether, forever altogether." God grant it may be so, and to children's children.

He said to me, "I should have liked to have stayed a little longer to help you in your work for God" and no one knows the help he was to me but God and then he prayed again, as he was always doing, for the work at the Victoria Hall: "God bless Thy servant in the Victoria Hall. Bless him, and keep him and sustain him." Then he turned to me and said, "You will be sustained, you have His own word, and your desire is for His glory." How these words have helped me, spoken in their solemn reality, God alone knows. They have been proved true a thousand times, and they will be to the end, I am sure.

I shall speak more about my father's help in my work another time (D.V.).

Eleven years after my father's departure, my mother passed away. All her children were there to watch her pass from earth to heaven. "Are you very happy, darling mother?" one said to her. "Yes," was the faint reply.

One of the dearest memories of our childhood was the sound of our mother's voice singing in the home the hymns she loved so well. And at her passing we sang them to her just before she entered heaven.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,

In a believer's ear;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear."

But the one most often on her lips was this—

"O Lord, Thy love's unbounded,

So sweet, so full, so free;

My soul is all transported,

Whene'er I think of Thee."

Oh! hallowed songs of Zion! We were singing her home to heaven, who had spent her days and nights in making life one sweet song for us. And then with the shining of the eternal dawn in those loving eyes, how near heaven seemed to all of us! The light of recognition of things eternal was

deepening as earth faded, but the loving hand responded to the touch of love to the very end. With faltering voices we sang,

“Forever with the Lord!

Amen! so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

‘Tis immortality.”

I love to think of the simplicity of her faith in Christ. Naturally nervous, she had prayed for an easy departure, and also that she might be restful and patient, and the prayers were answered indeed. Truly a beloved wife and mother.

A Prize At School

When I was a boy at school, about fifteen, I gained a prize, and my master had written in it, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might” (Eccl. 9:10).

As he gave me the prize, he repeated the words, and said, “You will get on well if you do what the text bids you.” And our blessed Lord, our Great Exemplar, says, “I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work” (John 9:4).

Our work must be done in the day—the day of opportunity—while “the fields are white to the harvest” we must work. With Christ coming at any moment, we must work. The night cometh when no man can work. When we leave this world we shall rise to heaven, thank God, and leave the night of the world’s sin behind us. The night cometh—of judgment for the world — and none of us can work then.

Many of us feel that the labors of the day in which we work may soon be over. Canon Knox Little says: “By waning power, by failing health, by weakening memory, you find in some way or other that the finger of God is touching you. The world may not see it; friends may not read it; those who are dear to you may not tell it; but you know it—the witness, whatever it is, is come. It speaks to you in the silence of the night. It wakens with you when you waken in the morning; it travels with you as a settled consciousness, when you are going about the world; it is the whisper of that unrelenting law of unchanging changefulness—the night is coming.”

The night as regards the work, but the glory for the worker. Then let Christ speak to us this year, “Occupy till I come.” If in our days of greater strength God let us work for Him, now with the failing bodily powers “may the joy of the Lord be our strength,” and “may His strength be made perfect in our weakness.” A Christian’s work for Christ on earth should only cease when life ceases, and after death, if God will, he may speak still.

My dear friends, I hope what I have said is for the glory of God. I wish you all a happy New Year. May it be the happiest you have ever known, made happy by the peace of God, through your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I may speak more of The Ways of God another time.

H. W.

“My”

A little lad of some seven summers lay very ill. He suffered no pain, but his life was slowly ebbing away. A Christian gentleman visited him, and found that he was not quite at ease in prospect of death. He knew that Jesus was his Saviour, yet he shivered at the dark and dread passage through which he must go into his Saviour's presence.

In parting the gentleman said, “Now I will give you a simple text to rest upon, one which has supported many a soul in the dying hour. The text,” said he, “has five words, and that is one word for each finger; ‘The Lord is my Shepherd.’” The boy counted them over on the fingers of his left hand, and then holding the fourth, he looked up with a happy smile, and said, “That's the best!”

“Which?” inquired his visitor.

“Oh, the ‘my,’” he exclaimed.

Next day the servant of God called again, but the little spirit had flown.

“Come in, sir, and see him, he has only just gone,” said the weeping mother, “he died so happy, and I know why; it was the text you gave him. He kept holding one of his dear little fingers and saying, ‘That's the best.’”

She took the gentleman in, and there lay the poor little body, with the face so white and yet peaceful. “See!” whispered the mother. The hands were crossed, and on the fourth knuckle of the left hand there still rested a finger of the right.

Dear boy and girl, can you say it? Is Jesus your Shepherd? He gave His life for His sheep. Are you one of them? Can you say, “The Lord is my Shepherd,” and putting your finger on the “my,” look up and add, “That's the best”?

Encampment of Jewish Settlers

(See illustration on cover)

The picture on the cover of this number of “A Message from God,” representing an encampment of newly-arrived Jewish settlers, was taken near the ancient Kirjath-Jearim, and shows the temporary canvas homes of the settlers.

Mending My Nets

“What are you doing?” said my dear, never-to-be forgotten sister, to dear old Robert Lang, when she called to see him, hearing he was at home “bad,” and mending his nets. He was a fisherman by trade, and a fisher of men by grace, for all his life through, since childhood, he had heard of and known the Lord Jesus Christ, as his Saviour, Redeemer and God. “I do not see your nets about. What do you mean?”

“Well, miss,” he said, “I was reading about it in His precious Word at Mark 1:16-20, when He said to Peter and John, as they were mending their nets in the boat, ‘follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.’ If our nets are broken, we shall lose the fish, for out they slip, and if our spiritual net is not whole, in not fully following Him, we shall let slip the word that may be blessed to our own and other people’s souls. Yes, miss, I am asking God to mend my net, as He has willed that I should suffer in body at the present. He has said to me, Robert, stop at home and mend your net, for there’s a hole and there’s a slip. My love is willing you may make a great draft of fishes, but you’ll toil day and night too, and catch nothing if you let down a broken net.’ So, says I, ‘All right, my Lord and Master. I’ll bide in till You give me word, and no time will be lost neither!’

“No offense,” he said; “don’t only be hoping your soul nets are all right, but look to ‘em, look to ‘em.’ A small slit soon becomes a large hole.”

And oh, friends, you must be washed, whole and empty. Washed in the fountain opened for sin in the precious blood of the Lamb; made whole by Him Who will fill us with all good things and mend us; empty, made empty by Him Who clears the soul of its sin and defiling rubbish, and refills it with the treasures of His grace,

Emily P. Leakey.

The Love of a Child

A child of eight was dying, and she asked to see a certain Christian before she passed away. He was sent for, and when he came he said to the child, "Well, darling, I believe you wished to see me."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I wanted to tell you that I have been converted about four years, and I have been happy ever since, and now I am going to Him. Will you please bury me?"

"Yes, I certainly will if you wish it, but why do you wish me to bury you?"

She replied, "Because I know you will preach the gospel over my grave, and my dear father, who never goes to hear the Word of God, will be compelled to hear, and he may be saved."

Soon after the little saint passed away to be with the One Who took the children in His arms and blessed them. At the funeral the Christian who had promised the child that he would bury her preached very earnestly at the graveside, and the father and the mother of the child were both converted.

Farming in North Palestine

We see in this interesting photograph (of great interest to all who take an interest in the return of the Jews to Palestine) one of the new Jewish colonists in Palestine employing the old primitive “sled” in threshing wheat. This photograph was taken on a Jewish farm in Northern Palestine, in the neighborhood of Lake Merom.

or, The Major's Account of His Conversion

Samuel Heibich was a well-known missionary from the southern part of Germany, whose labors were greatly blessed among the white and colored people of India, and many of the English soldiers and officers were brought to the Lord through his ministry. (He went to be with the Lord in the year 1868.)

The manner in which I became acquainted with him is as peculiar as the man himself was.

My battalion was stationed in the Province of Madras, India, during one of the seasons of the hottest weather that I can remember. On account of the oppressive heat, there was a death-like stillness during the day time, as it was not advisable for a European to be outside till after sunset and before sunrise. Thus we were forced to idleness, which by no means was agreeable to us.

Just at this time there came the news, "Heibich is coming!"

At the officers' club, they spoke of nothing else all evening. Some had made his acquaintance in former years, but most of them, like myself, had only heard of him. One of the officers said, "We will each of us make his acquaintance soon enough, and without being introduced to him, for Mr. Heibich speaks to whom he pleases, and asks no permission."

I listened with astonishment and, at last, asked, "Who is this Mr. Heibich, that moves about so freely?"

The peculiar tone of my question, which betrayed my annoyance, made some of them laugh, while one of my friends responded, "You will be one of the first he will attack, for they will soon tell him what a hardened sinner you are. Mr. Heibich came to India to work among the colored race, but he thinks the white heathens (for so he calls us) are in still greater need of the Gospel than they; so he spends much of his time in visiting the garrisons, and many Europeans have been converted from their heathenism."

This stirred up my indignation in no small degree and did not hesitate to express myself about Heibich and his "shameful boldness," and said in conclusion, "If he should ever enter my quarters, he would soon land outside again."

A few days passed, and I had nearly forgotten about Mr. Heibich, when, one day, during the hottest part of the day, when every place looked deserted—even the colored people were forced to seek shelter inside — I was lying in my room, listlessly dreaming, when suddenly I heard footsteps outside.

My door and window were wide open, for a visitor could hardly be expected during these hot hours. The sound came nearer, and in walked-Mr. Heibich. Yes, it must be he, it could be no one else. He was a tall, haggard-looking man, with a long, loose hanging coat in his bony hand he held a large hat, and under his arm he carried a huge umbrella, indeed, he was a sight to make one laugh, but for the venerable face, and the penetrating look in his eyes. Yet it was not a harsh look, but rather

of tenderness, kindness and sympathy, which it was not easy to resist, yea, which one would feel ashamed not to follow. One's own heart seemed to feel, "This man knows better that I do what I need."

Mr. Heibich came nearer and made a low bow. I arose and went to meet him. He extended his right hand to me kindly, and bade me "good day." Where was now my intention to put the man out of my quarters? I felt like a school-boy, whom the principal had come to see. But Mr. Heibich seemed to feel as much at home and as comfortable, as I felt strange and embarrassed in my own dwelling. He asked me politely to take a seat, helping himself to a chair which he brought near to my own and sat down.

After a short silence, he said, "Get that Book." Without objecting, I went to my bookcase. While I stood before my books, I had no need to ask which book my visitor wanted. There were works of human imagination■poetry■but none of these he wanted. The man who had just come in wanted reality■truth — not imagination. There were also important works on war, but Mr. Heibich did not want any of these; he was a messenger of peace. Yes, there in the corner stood a neglected book, which was now wanted■the Holy Scriptures, God's word. It belongs to the outfit of every officer of the English army, and for that reason it was not missing in my own library, but I had never opened it. I now found it quickly and laid it on the table before us.

"Open the book at the first chapter of Genesis, and read the first two verses."

I obeyed and read like an attentive pupil, loud and distinct; "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

"That will do! now close the book and we will pray." With these words, the man kneeled down to pray and I followed. What he prayed, I do not know. I was not able to keep two thoughts in their connection. Where would all this lead me to? I did not know what to think, say or do. Mr. Heibich had finished his prayer and rose, and I followed his example. He shook my hand in solemn earnestness, made a bow, which I mechanically returned, and he left my dwelling as he had come.

That night I did not go to the officers' club, partly because I was afraid, though no man had ever called me a coward; and partly because I felt unable to converse with any one. It was difficult for me to do the regular routine work.

The following day I was lounging in my large arm chair, unoccupied as the day before, but I felt very strange. In my heart raged a great battle, and I was shrinking in fear from that which might still come, and yet having a desire for something better and higher than I had ever known. All at once I heard footsteps, the same as the day before; now in the yard, now on the porch, now at the door, and there stood Mr. Heibich again.

Again I rise to bid him "Good day," but again I am embarrassed. Again he begs me politely to take a seat, and seats himself on a chair near me, then after the same solemn pause comes the request, "Get that Book!"

Just as the day before, without any objection, I go to my book-case and get the Bible.

"Turn to the first chapter of Genesis and read the first two verses."

I read, loud and distinct, as before: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

"That will do! Close the book and we will pray."

This time I listened to his prayer. O what a prayer! It was like as a man talks with his friend. Never before had. I heard a prayer from the heart. He told His God and Father all about me. He implored Him to show me what. I was that I might know myself and flee into the open arms of the Redeemer—Jesus — to find salvation. Again he took leave in the same solemn and earnest way, as the day before. The Bible still lay open on the table. I dared not close the Book and put it away. I felt drawn to read once more for myself those wonderful verses which began to have such a power over me. Like a pupil who had been sent back to his lesson, I sat down before the Bible, and again and again read those verses till they burned in my very soul.

I needed no interpreter; the words interpreted themselves; they pictured myself. Yes, I was void and without form; sin had made me so, and the darkness of indifference and unbelief hid from my own view, like a thick fog, my utter ruin, and God's love, His heart and His face. "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Had this strange man brought me, by these words and his prayer, in touch with the living God? Was this wonderful power which I felt come over me, perhaps the moving of the Spirit of God upon me? If ever a man was bowed and humbled; if ever a heart was convinced of its sinfulness and corruption, as well as the need of redemption through out Lord and Saviour, it was I. All pride and prejudice fell like thick scales from my eyes.

How I spent the time till the next day, I do not know. I thought no more about the heat, something of greater importance occupied my mind. It was the first pulse-beats of a new life, the dawning of a new sunrise in my soul.

The same footsteps of yesterday and the day before could at last be heard, and at the same hour. My Bible lay before me open; I was just waiting for the teacher. My heart was full. I rose to meet Mr. Heibich, and took his hand.

"O, Mr. Heibich," I said, "it is all clear to me now. What must I do?"

He looked at me with the pity of true love, and said, "My son" (for by faith he considered me won by the Gospel) "we hear that God said, 'Let there be light.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

He directed me to the Cross of Calvary where Jesus bore my sins, where He shed His precious blood for me; then he pointed me upward to the throne, where Christ is now sitting, glorified, at the right hand of God, as my peace, my life, and my righteousness before God. Finally we knelt down for prayer and praise, and this day I prayed for the first time without a book, and from the heart.

My dear reader, has God, who has caused the light to shine out of darkness, brought light into your heart to show how unclean and corrupt you are before Him?

Towards the 50,000 Testaments

Winchester.

Dear Brother in the Lord, — I am again sending a mite towards the Testaments—50,000. What a lovely lot! ■but it's sure. The silver and gold is really His, though given into the care of some of His own children to distribute. What an honor! And then to think of the prayer that will be following them as they speed on their way, and the precious souls to be won, for HE says it shall NOT return void, but SHALL accomplish. How wonderful-fellow laborers with Himself! At the present time I am not able to do but very little writing; but I do pray you may be strengthened day by day to go forward in this glorious work of sowing the good seed of God's Word. The harvest will be sure, and what rejoicing there will be. All praise to Him! Yours in His loving service, M. E. S. W.

Towards the 50,000 Testaments

Blackheath, S.E.13.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Please accept the enclosed £1 to help towards the 50,000 Testaments. ■Yours in our Lord, E. A. G.

A Shout from the Watchman

South Hackney.

Dear Sir, — I do think the "MESSAGE FROM GOD" is a shout to this darkened world by the Watchman on the Tower, to man to be-ready for Christ's coming. May God bless it to all who read, and make them obedient to the call, for in such an hour as they think not He will come.

That dream, or vision of "THE MISSING ONES," is the most striking and clear description of that day I have ever read, and I pray God He will use it mightily among His own children to awaken them out of the midnight sleep they have fallen into. I am sending £2 of the Lord's money to you to be used by His direction by you, to and for His glory. May the Lord bless you and keep you, and make His way always plain to you, that you may consecrate every power to His glory. This is the prayer of yours in Christ,

E. V.

A Bugle Call from India

Hyderabad.

My beloved Brother,.. I call upon our all-sufficient Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to give you this message: ■ "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses; that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ (1 Tim. 6:12 and 14). May God be with you till we meet in His glorious kingdom. ■J.R.

"I Love Your Work"

Co. Donegal.

My dear Brother, ■Please find enclosed P.O. for 19/6. It is to show you that I love your work for Jesus... May God bless you and your work. ■Yours in Jesus, T.S.L.

Conversions through the "Message"

From a Christian lady■

I feel I ought to tell you that my maid has had such wonderful conversions with your "Message from God." She got at a man about three weeks ago, and he made fun of her and the magazine. He is now working hard for God, and so is his brother. She finds them in the market place, every Saturday evening, when she gives away the "Messages," and so do they. It is quite wonderful what work they are doing with your magazines, and many soldiers from the camp are being converted too by them. May God continue to bless you mightily in this work. You must be very much His own... I do hope your health is better; I have been praying for you. ■E.C.

Thank God for these letters■they cheer my heart and speak of blessing still to come. Emptying shelves, increasing requests for Testaments, many signs of God's blessing-all these things make us "trust in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

We want 50,000 Testaments, and God can send them. If any child of God wishes to help us in our work, kindly send to■ Dr. Heyman Wreford,

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

Publishers' Note. ■Volumes of "A Message from God" for 1922 can be sent to any address. Post free for 2/3 a volume.

The Diary of a Soul

By The Editor

The Mocking of the Children

“Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head”

2 Kings 2:23-24.

“And Elisha went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, ‘Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head.’ And he turned back and looked on them and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.”

THIS old-world story of the prophet Elisha returning with his heart full of sorrow at the loss of Elijah, and being mocked by the children as he went, has a wonderful significance for the days in which we live.

Elijah had been taken to heaven in a chariot and horses, and as he went up his mantle fell upon Elisha. Elisha was a servant of the living God, and had important work to do for God. As he passed upon his way, children followed him out of the city and mocked him, saying, “Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head.” These “young lads” were mocking at the rapture of Elijah, and were telling his successor as they mocked him to follow Elijah to heaven. Judgment swift and certain came upon the mockers: Elisha turned back, looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. God’s instrument of judgment (two she bears) came out of the wood and tare forty-two children.

One of the greatest characteristics of these last days is the insubordination and disobedience of children. Disobedience to parents is placed among the awful sins enumerated in Romans 1:30. In Exodus 20:12 is the command, “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” “We live in a day when we need to lay emphasis upon this command of God. This is a day of disrespect for parents. A day in which children think they know more than father and mother, in which children think of father and mother as old fogies, in which children speak of their father as the ‘governor,’ and their mother as the ‘old woman,’ As far as respect for parents is concerned, we have fallen upon evil days; but I want to say that this is the first commandment of promise, and the blessing of God attends the son or daughter who obeys it, but the curse of God rests upon the child who disobeys it. You may be a father or mother yourself, but unless you render respect to father and mother, you will break this commandment.”

The following solemn incident will show the terrible consequences that follow young men or maidens mocking the servants of God.

The Three Scoffers

In a seaport town on the West Coast of England, notice was once given of a sermon to be preached there one Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great celebrity, and that circumstance, together with the object of the discourse being to enforce the duty of strict observance of the Lord's Day, attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said that before entering upon his discourse he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote.

"It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship, and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening were three dissolute lads, who came not only with the intention of insulting and

MOCKING THE VENERABLE PASTOR,

but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in the pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long 'to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead? Throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us see first what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him! it is only as I expected. Throw now!' But here the third interposed and said, 'It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.' At this remark his two associates took offense, and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren, continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterward the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for his crimes; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder, in the jail of this city; the third, my brethren," and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow, ■ "the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you! Listen to him."

Oh! the need, in these days, for godly work amongst the young, yet how impossible it seems sometimes to do anything to guide them. One of my patients was a young girl of sixteen. She was very ill, and her illness was largely brought about by her life in the evenings ■ she came home late night after night. I told the mother (the father was away at the war) she must not be out late, she must keep her in. "I can do nothing with her," the mother said, "she will do as she likes and she tells me so to my face." This disobedience to parents is a sign of the last days and an awful sin in God's sight. And the disrespect for old age and gray hairs is another sign of the last days. It says in Leviticus 19:32: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God." How rarely do you see among many of the young this command carried out. When you do, how beautiful it is ■ it shows an inward grace that prompts the outward act. I have never forgotten, and I never shall, how an act of a young girl of seventeen struck me and affected me. We were at a Sunday school treat, and all the children were enjoying themselves, when a

drunken man staggered across the field. He was old, and in rags, and his hair was white. The children, a good many of them, gathered around him, teasing him, and mocking him, and making him angry. Suddenly this young girl placed herself in front of the poor old man, and with flashing eyes, confronting the mockers said, "Remember he has gray hair." Many slunk off ashamed, as she led the poor old man away. She was a Christian girl, and I heard of her many years afterward as living a beautiful godly life.

Parents are often to blame for the sins of their children by unworthy living at home, and not setting a good example to them, The following incident is solemn: ■

ONLY ONE STEP FURTHER

Gipsy Smith related the following at one of his recent meetings: "In an American home a boy came down late to breakfast, and his mother saw with surprise that he had by his plate a big roll of dollar bills. She knew the lad ought not to have money, and she cried, Where did you get all that?" "I won it last night in a gambling den," said the youth. The mother rebuked him strongly, and the boy got mad. 'I know you are looked up to in the church,' he said. 'Yes,' replied the mother, 'and you must take all that money back at once.' The boy asked, 'Where did you get that vase on the mantel-piece?' 'Why, you know I won it at the whist-drive,' was the reply. 'Then,' said the boy, you take that back, and then I will take this money back. It was you, mother, who taught me to play whist and bridge. I have only gone one step further."

The Cross for Crucifixion

When my wife and I were in Canton, our guide took us to the execution ground. When we got there we found a large place covered with all kinds of earthenware. It was used by a pottery merchant to display his goods when not wanted for executions. As we walked around the place, I saw a large deal box with the cover a little on one side. Going closer I lifted the cover and found the box was full of newly-decapitated heads covered with blood. Horrified, I passed on and came to a wooden cross leaning against the wall; the cross-bars and shaft were stained with blood. I said to our guide, "Is this cross often used?" "Yes," he replied, "people are crucified on it." He went on to say that if we would stay another day he would enable us to see a crucifixion. I said, "who is to be crucified?" he replied, "A young lad of seventeen." "What crime has he committed?" I said. "He struck his mother," was the answer. Needless to say I did not stay to see the execution, but I thought of the high estimation in which parents were held in that land.

To fall under the judgment of man is terrible, but the judgment of God will fall upon children and others who mock the people of God today, as in the days of Elisha, and who are disobedient to the parents God has given them.

It is our bounden duty to help the children. We wish to do it by sending thousands of Testaments to the teachers of the young to distribute among them. We are constantly getting applications of this kind. We pray earnestly for the Sunday school teachers. Go on, dear workers, in this way; lead the children to Jesus, and by example and precept seek to make them love the commands of God to the young.

God Bless the Children

How we should love them and care for them! Above all seek to hear from their young lips that they love the Saviour. Think of the countless homes with a child's empty chair in the corner of one of the rooms. The little one who used to sit there has gone to heaven; upstairs are the little garments and the broken toys and the empty cot. The little voice that made such music in the home will be heard on earth no more. There is a little grave in the cemetery, flower-decked by loving hands, and the epitaph reads, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when in the evening they talk of the babe in Paradise, the photograph is brought out. There are marks of tears upon it, and the sunny eyes look out from the cloud of curly hair about the brow, and the half-opened lips seem almost speaking, and the mother cries, "My little boy! my little boy." Guthrie speaks of the children,

THE BABES IN HEAVEN

Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, says: "Heaven is greatly made up of little children — sweet buds that have never blown, or which death has plucked from a mother's bosom to lay on his own cold breast, just when they were expanding, flower-like, and opening their engaging beauties in the budding time and the springtime of life. 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' How soothing are these words by the cradle of a dying infant! They fall like balm-drops on our bleeding hearts, when we watch the ebbing of that young life, as wave after wave breaks feebler, and the sinking breath gets lower and lower, till, with a gentle sigh, and a passing quiver of the lip,

OUR SWEET CHILD LEAVES ITS BODY

lying like an angel asleep, and ascends to the beatitudes of heaven and the bosom of its God. Perhaps God does with His heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly take it from nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age — flowers before they have bloomed and trees ere they begin to bear."

And how sweet is the simple confidence of children.

The Hymn of the Child

At a revival meeting, one man in testimony told the story of a Sunday school teacher, who was anxious to get the children to learn a chorus to sing at home. One little boy said he could manage it. On arriving home, he found his father and mother quarreling. Turning to his mother, he began to sing:

“There’s somebody here needs Jesus,
There’s somebody here, I know;
There’s somebody here needs Jesus,
To wash them white as snow.”

Both broke down and wept, and kneeling on the hearthrug confessed their sins, and sought the Jesus the boy had sung about. Mr. Bennett also told the story of how, when General Allenby’s army marched into Jerusalem, the men of a Yorkshire regiment were anxious to find the place of Calvary.

After enquiries, the spot was pointed out, and those who knew how to sing, sang that well-known hymn:

“Jesus shall reign where’er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more,”

showing that, though crucified nearly two thousand years ago, the men of Yorkshire believed in a living Christ, reigning in the lives of millions all over the world.

One word in closing these pieces—we want 30,000 Testaments to send to children and to adults all over the world. Please read the end of this number.

Yours for Christ’s sake,
Heyman Wreford.

“Will God Blow Out His Lights?”

A little girl had been put to bed who was afraid of the dark. The lamp had been put out, but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and she asked her mother, “Is the moon God’s light?” “Yes, Ethel,” the mother replied; “the moon and stars are all lights of God.” “Will God blow out His lights and go to sleep, too?” she asked again. “No, my child,” replied the mother; “God’s lights are always burning.” “Well, mamma,” said Ethel, “while God’s awake I’m not afraid.”

Joan Smith; Life and Death in 1519

The white flakes were still falling, tossed to and fro by a brisk wind. It had been snowing all day. Streets, and fields, and lanes, and trees, and house-roofs, were covered with a beautiful white raiment.

It was not such a night, depend upon it, that one would willingly turn out to meet; and yet, if you had been at Coventry on that occasion, anywhere near the cottage of Widow Smith, — you could not miss the cottage, for it had a light burning in the window—you would have noticed fresh footprints in the snow—footprints that of course the falling snow rapidly buried, as if they betrayed secrets which ought not to be betrayed; but footprints which could not have escaped your attention. You would have perceived that some were very much larger than others, that they also came evidently from different parts, and you would have found out, that grown-up people and children, from different places in the neighborhood, had turned their steps that night towards the house of Widow Smith. If you had known all, you would have been very thankful that the snow—pure and white as innocence—hid those footprints almost as soon as they were made. If you had been there in time enough, you would have seen Hatches, the shoemaker, with his children, pass by; then Lansdale the hosier; then Archer, then Hawkins, then Bond, all shoemakers, and all with their little ones; and then, lastly, Wrigsham, the glover. Perhaps you would like to follow them, so come with me.

It is a good-sized room, and fairly furnished, and we find the little company, old and young, all cheerful and happy. They greet the Widow Smith—a godly woman, still young—with cordiality, and now one and now another stoops down to kiss the pretty face of little Joan, the widow's only child. What have they all met there for? They have met to worship God; and now they pray; and now they sing—softly, sweetly, but the great God hears them and now they talk of the blessed promise that the Saviour Christ has left for our comfort, that when two or three are gathered together in His name, there will He be in the midst of them. They feel His presence—the All-seeing Unseen One is there—their Lord, their Saviour, their Friend. After a while they begin to talk to the children, and to put questions, to which the little ones reply. You listen to their pleasant voices as they together repeat, in English, the prayer that Christ taught us, and call upon the Mighty Being who made all things, as “Our Father which art in heaven.” Then one after another they repeat the Belief, are questioned about it, whether they know what is meant by God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and a pleasant thing it is to hear them answer so quietly and well. Then they repeat the commandments, the solemn words that Jehovah uttered on Mount Sinai, when there were lightnings and thundering's, and the voice of a trumpet, and the mountain smoked, and the people arose and stood afar off. All this they do in English. Why, in what language should they speak? you ask. Latin, and even then with priestly leave. Why, you say, they could not understand Latin; to them It would be an unknown tongue. True, but the law of England had at that time ordained, had done so for many, many years afterward, that to pray in English, to repeat any religious service in English, to read an English Bible, was heresy, and that heresy was to be punished with DEATH.

So you perceive these good Christian people, who have been teaching their children these great truths, run the risk of being burnt alive. Let us hope that no other eye but that of our merciful Father has looked upon them. The hope is vain. There are new footprints in the snow outside. Somebody watched and listened.

Next morning there was a terrible report all over Coventry. Hatches, a shoemaker; Archer, Hawkins, and Bond, of the same trade; Wrigsham, the glover, and Lonsdale, the hosier, were all arrested on the charge of having taught their children the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments in English. They were sent to Maxtock Abbey, six miles distant, while their little ones were removed to the monastery-of the Gray Friars.

That night the house of the Widow Smith was entered by the officers of justice. The poor hapless woman was bound with strong cords, and separated from her weeping child, while little Joan was carried to the monastery, and placed with the children of the other offenders. Poor Joan—she was not more than nine years old—never closed her eyes that night, but wept, oh! so bitterly, and begged Friar Stafford to take her to her mother; but the priest only laughed at her tears. Friar Stafford was the warden of the monastery, and he examined the children as to what they had been taught by their parents, charging them, if they wished to avoid being burnt alive, never again to meddle with the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, or the Ten Commandments in English. He dwelt with a horrible fascination on the frightful death prepared for heretics; made the little children tremble and turn pale, as he spoke of the agonies of death by fire. But Joan only wept, and in her heart she prayed. When he questioned her, she gave no answer; when he threatened, she offered no appeal; when he lashed her in his brutal fury, she uttered not a cry, but she looked for help to Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities.

Look at that group of children; their pinched and pensive faces, the tears upon their cheeks, their downcast eyes, their heaving bosoms, as the priest speaks—that priest who professes to belong to a church founded by St. Peter—St. Peter who was to “feed the lambs”; and let us be thankful that we live in better and happier times.

On Palm Sunday the “heretics” were brought to Coventry for trial. With pomp and splendor such as a king might boast of, the priests and abbots, and bishops came to Coventry. They met for something more than worship. When the service in the church was over, they entered on the trial of the heretics, and the sentence was passed—they were to be burnt alive next day!

All of them? No, not all. Happy little Joan! —the Widow Smith was to be spared and set at liberty. Oh! what a happy meeting it was when, in the house of Simon Mourtou, the bishop's servant, Joan fell upon her mother's neck, and kissed her, over, and over, and over again. One thing made them sorry; they remembered the poor condemned prisoners, their former friends; but they still hoped that they would be spared. So passed Palm Sunday, and so night came on.

In the evening, Simon Mourtou, the bishop's servant, offered to see the Widow Smith in safety to her house. He was a bad cunning man; his were the footprints in the snow that marked the unseen witness of the secret worship, and his dark eye glistened as he made the offer now to see the widow to her home. She agreed: but as he led her by the arm, he felt a scroll of paper within her sleeve. “Yea,” said he, “what have you here?” He took it from her, and found it was the Commandments, the Belief, and the Lord's Prayer, written down in English. “Ah!” said he, “is it so?”

as good come now as another time.” He carried her back to the bishop; she was at once condemned; again poor little Joan was separated from her, to see her but once more in the flesh.

There were crowds of people in the little park near Coventry on the 4th of April, 1519. On that day the seven martyrs were burnt alive, for teaching the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in English to their children. There was a horrible refinement of cruelty sometimes practiced on these occasions—the relations, the husband, wife, child, were compelled to set fire to the wood which was to burn the objects they loved best on earth. Poor little Joan was dragged to the place of execution for this purpose. She saw her mother; shrieked wildly, fearfully, and swooned away; and they said that she was dead. But she was not dead; when she came to herself, the horrible scene was past, and her mother had entered into her rest.

Joan grew up to be a woman, clinging to her early faith, and looking hopefully to that time when she should meet her mother in heaven. ■The Teacher's Offering.

A Great Saviour

A friend, J. J. S, has kindly given me the following account of a wonderful salvation: ■

“Some time ago,” he writes, “I was asked to see an old soldier of the Black Watch Regiment who was in rapid consumption; his doctor had said he could not last long, and his mother was anxious some Christian should see him, as he seemed totally indifferent as to the future.”

My friend prayed earnestly, and felt quite assured the Lord would have him go and see him.

“The moment I saw him I could see he would not be here much longer; he had been a fine brave soldier, had won three medals, and the Victoria Cross, for service in Egypt, India and Africa. He looked bewildered when I went in, and asked who had sent me told him God had sent me with a message of love for him. This I tried to explain. Then came the question: ‘Do you think I shall get better?’ ‘No,’ I answered. ‘I can plainly see you will not be here long. Now I want to ask you a question: Where will you spend eternity?’ At once he replied, ‘Perdition.’ I said ‘That is what the word of God calls hell.’ ‘Yes,’ he replied. ‘Why are you going to hell? Do you want to go there?’ He looked me straight in the face and said: Oh, no; I would like to go to heaven.’ ‘Is it not strange you have booked your passage to hell and yet want to go to heaven? Listen to God’s own word (John 3:16). This is the very message God has sent you.’ ‘But I am a great sinner.’ ‘Praise God that you know you are a great sinner! Now I can tell you of a great Saviour.’”

My friend read those precious words 1 Timothy 1:15 also, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth from all sin.” But to continue his letter: ■

“He then asked me to reach down his Bible and mark the scriptures, adding, ‘It is more than twenty years since I opened my Bible to read it.’ I left after prayer, calling the following day. He told me he had an awful night. His sins had risen up before him like a mountain and almost made him despair. He looked amazed when I told him I was glad.”

Space will not allow me to write all my friend said, pleading with him. The letter goes on to say: ■

“On my next visit he said he longed to know he was really saved. I read those precious words (John 5:24), and said, God has offered you a full and free salvation through faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and you will not yet trust Him and thank Him.’ Tears came into his eyes and he exclaimed, ‘I see it now,’ and he at once fell on his knees and thanked God for opening his eyes to see himself a great sinner and to see the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour. The next time I found him looking very sad. He told me he had made no provision for his wife and children. I told him God is our Father, and we knelt down together and asked Him to undertake. We had hardly got off our knees when a well-known gentleman came in and said: ‘I have heard all about you. I will take charge of the two youngest children and find employment for your wife, so they shall not want. You can also have the use of my carriage when you can stand a drive out, and you can send to my house for butter, eggs and milk.’ He also gave him financial assistance. After he had gone tears of joy filled the poor man’s eyes and he exclaimed: ‘All this is too wonderful, I cannot

understand it.' I replied: 'It was just like our God and Father, for He is love, and He knew how weak your faith is, and has answered your prayers immediately.' He lived but three weeks longer, and never had a doubt or fear. Just before he died I said: Have you anything that troubles you?' 'No, all is bright and happy; I shall soon be "forever with the Lord."'

My friend pleads with any unsaved one to come to Jesus now. "He is able to save to the uttermost."

A.A. L.

“How Readest Thou?”

I supposed I knew my Bible,
Reading piecemeal, hit or miss:
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
Now a snatch of Genesis,
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
Certain Psalms—the twenty-third?
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs:
Yes, I thought I knew the Word;
But I found a thorough reading
Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
When I read the Bible through.
You, who treat the crown of writings
As you treat no other book■
Just a paragraph disjointed,
Just a crude impatient look —
Try a worthier procedure,
Try a broad and steady view:
You will kneel in very rapture
When you read the Bible through.
Amos R. Wells.

I am so thoroughly delighted with the above little poem called “How Readest Thou?” that I thought I would again give my readers a word about the Bible, for indeed it is a truth that when you really read the Bible regularly, wholly, and read it through from beginning to end you will, as the little poem says,

“You will kneel in very rapture
When you read the Bible through.”

Yes, dear friends, stick to the Bible, and do not say as some grievous members of the C. M.S. lately said, "The Bible contains the Word of God." No such thing, The Bible is the Word of God. The Sword of the Spirit as it says in Hebrews 4:12, "is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged Sword. "Do as I have done all my life — read the Bible, regularly, morning and evening—and at noon sometimes, if not prevented. I have, thank God, read four chapters every days and two Psalms—one chapter of the Old Testament and one of the New, each morning, and the same in the evening. From Genesis to Job in the morning, and Proverbs to Malachi in the evening, and Matthew to Acts in the Morning, and Romans to Revelation in the evening.

Emily P. Leakey.

A Touching Christmas Gift

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■My blessed Master tells me this morning that you are in want of money for books, and as I have received a little more from the War Office for my boy I lost in 1914, I am sending you a little gift for Christmas of £5 towards more Testaments....

This is how God helps us. Praise and bless His holy Name.

The same dear friend sends

A New Year's Gift

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Your welcome letter to hand, stating that you received the last all safe. Here is one more £5 for the New Year. May our blessed Master cause His own Word to be scattered broadcast for His own glory. I believe we shall not be allowed the privilege much longer, and then we shall wish we had done ever so much more. May He grant you the best of health and the surest proof of His favor in this work for His Name and glory, is my prayer for you and yours.

The Call of a Friend.

Just this moment, dear friends have called and given me money for 1,000 Testaments. On Sunday last after my preaching, another dear friend promised me a gift of 1,000 Testaments. So God is answering prayer, and soon our present need of the 30,000 Testaments may be met.

Any who desire to help us in our work for God may do so by sending to —

Dr. Heyman Wreford.

The Passing From us of Mr. Fred Smith

January 21, 1923.

ONE of the most beautiful endings to a Christian's life I am about to record. On Sunday morning, at five minutes to twelve, after the Breaking of Bread, our beloved brother Mr. Fred Smith, while giving an address, was taken suddenly ill and died in a few minutes. He passed away from the Table of the Lord, to be "at home with the Lord."

When I came to the meeting, a little before the meeting, commenced, I found him sitting in his accustomed seat. As I passed to go to my seat, which was always next to his, we shook hands, and he gave me his last earthly greeting. "I am so glad to see you Doctor," the same loving grip, and on his face the old loving smile that I had known for five and forty years, and which I had always loved and responded to. I said to him, "How are you?" He answered, "I feel like a king." It was his way of saying, he felt very well, and looking at his face I told him he looked better than I had seen him for some time.

He gave out the first hymn, No. 39, in our Hymn Book■a hymn written by J. N. Darby■

Blest Father, infinite in grace,

Source of eternal joy:

Thou lead'st our hearts to that blest place

Where rest has no alloy.

Etc., etc.

He sang the hymn through. Later on in the meeting a brother gave out Hymn 180.

Hark! the choirs of angels crying,

Glory to the Lamb once slain,

None in heaven or earth denying

Tribute to the Saviour's name.

While the hymn was being read, I heard him humming the tune to himself, and when the reading was over, he raised the tune loudly and clearly, and sang it all through. He stood to the singing of the hymns that morning, a thing he very rarely did on account of his bodily weakness. Not feeling well I was sitting at the back of our room, when he stood to give his last address. His voice was strong and resonant. He repeated the first three verses of John 14, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

There were two great truths that came out prominently in his address—his last address: ■

1. The inspiration of the scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, and their testimony to Christ.
2. The Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Jehovah of the Old Testament, was the Jesus of the New. He was Jehovah — Jesus.

He spoke of the Jews believing in God, but not in Christ, They were proud of being the people of God—he traced the history of the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan, and God's provision for them all the time and all the way. How He fed them and clothed them, and how their clothes did not wear out nor their shoes. He spoke of the power of Israel's God in creation, "In the beginning — God," spoke of the wonders of the universe—the sun, and moon, and stars. Spoke of a wondrous telescope that brought many new stars into the field of vision, so that the astronomers, could not tell which were old and which were new—but, he said impressively, "He could tell, the Creator. He knew them all." He led us on to Jesus, referring to John 14:1-3, The disciples could not understand His going away — they had thought He would set up His Kingdom and reign as King, and that they would have a share in these earthly glories. He repeated, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

He repeated from memory from Luke 24, the 13th to 27th verses, how the Lord rebuked the unbelief of the two that walked to Emmaus.

When he came to the verse, "And it came to pass, that while they communed together and reasoned, that Jesus Himself drew near"—he repeated, "Jesus Himself drew near." Verse after verse he repeated solemnly, when he came to the verse, "And certain of them which were with us, went to the sepulcher and found it even so, as the women had said; but Him they saw not," he repeated, "Him they saw not."

He went on, "Then He said unto them, O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, ought not Christ to have suffered these things?" ■again the solemn repetition, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?" It was all so real and solemn as he repeated it. He was dwelling on the glories of Jehovah—Jesus.

Then he spoke of His life on earth—His birth, how at twelve years of age, He confounded the doctors in the temple, then how He went a long way out of His way to see a poor lonely woman, of low repute, an outcast, at Jacob's well. He continued in these words, "He knew she needed a Saviour." When He met her, He said, "Give me to drink." The poor woman immediately began to remonstrate with Him, for she said, "How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me which am a woman of Samaria?" For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. She found, however, that she could not get on with the Lord on those lines, and. Christ began to reveal. Himself to her. "Go call thy husband." "I have no husband." And Jesus said unto her, "Thou hast well said 'I have no husband,' for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." The woman said unto Him, "Sir, I perceive that Thou art a Prophet." Then she spoke of worship, and the Messiah coming who would tell us all things. Jesus said, "I that speak unto thee am He."

"This poor woman," our brother continued, "had met her Saviour" ■God manifest in flesh. She left her water pots and went into the city saying, "Come see a man that told Me all that ever I did. Is not this the Christ? And many in the city believed on Him not only because of the woman's words,

but because they came and saw and heard for themselves.” Our dear brother then said, “There is just one more Scripture I want to mention, and then I finish” then came a pause. “It is a wonderful scripture,” he went on, then a longer pause. Then his eyes closed and he held out his right hand to feel for his chair, saying, “I won’t say any more now. I must sit down.” He would have fallen had not two brothers caught him, and held him. I came to his side and saw in a moment he was passing away. From the moment his eyes closed as he stood saying the last words they never opened on earth again. It was like a curtain falling between time and eternity. He never spoke again—not one word. He never told us the wonderful verse. He passed away in about three minutes after he had finished speaking—no movement, no struggle, “Put to sleep by Jesus.”

A Presence we could not see touched him and he slept to wake no more on earth. A Voice we could not hear said, “Come up higher.” All we saw was the calm face of our beloved brother, and many saw it through a mist of tears, but the Ministering angels of God were there. A weeping brother said, “It might have been any of us.” So it might have been. How easily he passed from the finite to the infinite. How natural and yet how solemn it all was. Speaking to us his last words in his own natural way, and then in a moment in heaven. He left his earthly home at ten o’clock to come to the meeting, and was “At home with the Lord” before twelve. He had repeated to us, “I go to prepare a place for you.” His place was prepared.

He seems to be speaking to his children, and to all of us who knew him now: We almost hear him say, “Let not your heart be troubled,” I am “at home with the Lord.” I shall never see you on earth again, but you must all come and meet me in heaven. I have lived among you in Exeter for forty-five years; we must spend eternity together. Be sure and come where I am.”

A Personal Ending

No one on earth knows what Mr. Smith’s home-going means to me. It means an earthly severance of a Christian friendship that never altered for forty-five years. We met in 1877. He asked me for a class in my Sunday school. I told him all the classes were supplied with teachers. He said, “I will bring my own class.” Next Sunday he came with a following of boys. From that time he was with me in all my public gospel work, at my children’s services, and in the open air. He was with me when I preached in; a hall at 101, Fore Street, Exeter, from September, 1880, to December, 1882. He was with me at the Royal Public Rooms from December, 1882, to April, 1884. He was with me at the Victoria Hall from April, 1884, to 1912.

When we took the Palladium for six months in the year for some years he was with me there. Wherever we were he was always the same. I could always feel love radiating from him to me all those years. He was never an opposer in anything for God and souls, but always a helper. I loved him for his work’s sake and for himself. He was a Christian gentleman, kind and courteous to all with whom he came in contact. He hated what was false, but he loved the Truth. He was always ready to hide himself so that Christ might be seen. Dear faithful brother and fellow worker, I can truly say “Very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful.”

A Letter

This letter came to me the day after he passed away: ■

Dear Sir, — I sorrow with you in the loss of a faithful servant of, God ■ dear Mr. Smith. I knew him many years ago, and was often much cheered by his conversation. He was not ashamed of his Master. When the call-came he was found at work in the vineyard. What a privilege! You will miss him.

With kindest sympathy to the members of the congregation.

Yours, etc., etc., J. B.

I shall often speak of Mr. Smith again if I continue my articles, "The Ways of God." — Editor.

A Word For March

I ask your prayers that God will bless our work this year and soon send us the 30,000 Testaments we need to fill our shelves, nearly empty now.

I ask also our friends to send us any back numbers of "Message from God," or "Gospel Gleanings," or "Glad-Tidings," or "Bible Monthly," or any other gospel books for our parcels. We are short of everything, so great has been, and is now, the demand at home and abroad. Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

Yes, a little child may be the means, under God, of pointing the way, the way even to leading a new life, taking a right path. It is no easy thing to break off a bad habit, even for the converted heart, the heart may be all right, but the bad habit has to be conquered by continual striving, a continual remembrance.

Through hearing my brother preach the truth as it is in Jesus, the good news that Christ Jesus came to save the lost, to save sinners, dear old Palmer came to Jesus and accepted His salvation in truth and steadfastness, and ever after proved a God-fearing man, but, but the bad habit of swearing to which he had been addicted from youth clung to him for long until he was delivered. "Dang it," he would say, "I beg pardon, sir, there I am at it again. Pardon from you, sir, and pardon from the precious blood." Poor old Palmer, how good and true and faithful he was, but this habit. He would say "Bad words is like thieves, steals all our peace." How he would grieve and grieve over his sinfulness. At last this little child led him right. "Oh Granfer, won't you pray that you may forget how to swear? You know God says, He forgets our sins; let's ask Him to let you forget these naughty words that you hate so," and so prayer was answered, and a chain was put on that dear old mouth ere wicked and sinful words escaped. So, dear friends, if any of you give way to swearing and hate it, ask God and He will deliver you as He did our dear old gardener.

Emily P. Leakey.

The Torn Bible: How God Saved an Infidel

John Moulton was a merchant in a small New England village. He was considered to be an honest man, especially when he was obliged to be, but he was an avowed atheist. He despised the Word of God, Christians and Christianity. He would secretly open his store on Sunday for a godless, reckless set among the villagers, who met therein behind the closed shutters to drink, smoke and play cards. Consequently, it was not surprising when his father died and left him, among other things, a handsome Family Bible, that he should at once declare his intention of using it for wrapping paper (Prov. 13:13).

"In the first place," said he, "Father made a fool of himself in buying that old Bible, and in the second place in giving it to me. It has never been read—none of any consequence—and it isn't of any account now surely in a literary or a religious way, I couldn't sell it for more than a dollar, if I should try; but it will bring me in much more than that, if I retail it out by the ounce and pound. Its thick heavy paper is just the thing to weigh up for small and costly parcels"

"I don't believe I should dare to use the old Family Bible in that way, John," said his wife. "It seems, somehow, as if it would be wicked. Besides, it would make talk among the go-to-meeting folks, and some of them are your customers, you know."

"Let the soft-headed hypocrites mind their own business," snapped John Moulton. "Mine is the only store in these parts, and they've got to trade with me"; and this open reviler of God's Word stripped off the handsome cover from the old family keepsake, and putting the mass of heavy leaves under his arm, strode across the street to the store.

It did indeed make talk in every house in town, when small parcels from John Moulton's store were brought home wrapped with the awful utterances of Jehovah and the inspired words of Moses and the prophets (Luke 24:27-41).

John Moulton, however, was studiously left alone so far as any controversy with words was concerned, until one evening a godly old farmer from the outskirts of the town came into the store to get an ounce of nutmegs. The storekeeper had placed a leaf from the old Bible in the scales, and, having weighed out the nutmegs, was proceeding to do them up, when the farmer called out in an abrupt manner characteristic of him, "No, no, Mr. Moulton, no, no. Don't use that to wrap up anything I buy here. That won't do at all for my nutmegs."

"I have nothing else handy," replied the storekeeper, with a contemptuous and a coarse jest.

"Hand them right over to me, then; I'll put them loose in my packet," and suiting the action to the word, with a grieved and sorrowful look towards the storekeeper and the torn Bible lying on the counter, he turned towards the door. He had proceeded but a few steps, when John Moulton, standing with the rejected leaf in his hand, and exchanging sly glances with a few of his cronies who were in the store, called after him, "A good many of our brethren and sisters in this vicinity, sir, have their parcels done up in that kind of paper, and you are the first person who has ever

objected to it.” And folding the leaf, he put it carefully into his pocket.

After every customer had left the store for the night and John Moulton had finished posting his books, he found that folded leaf in his pocket; and smoothing it out very carefully upon his desk, he read it over slowly and attentively. The leaf contained the last chapter of the Book of Daniel. The hardened infidel read it over again and again, and his lifelong willful ignorance of God’s Word made it all the more puzzling to him. The last verse in particular arrested him: “But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days” (Dan. 12:13).

He read these words over and over until he seemed to feel them like coals burning into his heart. He sat at his desk with bowed head, pondering upon them, until his wife became alarmed and crossed the street to the store to see what had detained him. He heard her rap gently at the locked door, and, opening it, let her in. Pointing to that last verse, the letters of which now seemed to stand out from the crumpled page, he asked her, with trembling voice and blanched face, “What shall my lot be at the end of the days?”

“Alas, John, that you should ask me such a question, and that I should be utterly unable to help you,” she replied, bending in turn over the leaf. “This verse has marginal references to Isaiah and Psalms and to Revelation; let us look them up,” and she turned to the coverless mutilated old Bible. He knows nothing, and she very little of the order of the books, but after considerable search, they found Isaiah and Psalms were missing. Presently they came to the Revelation, and eagerly read the verse referred to: “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them” (Rev. 14:13).

“I have done no works that I could wish to have follow me,” said the husband. “I do begin to see that if the little we have read in the Bible be true and we should die as we are., should not we be among those mentioned here, ‘some to shame and everlasting contempt’? (Dan. 12:2; John 5:29).

“I do not know,” said the wife beginning to weep, “but I do believe this is God’s Holy Word, and in what there is left of it, we can learn the way of life” (John 14:6).

“We will earnestly study this Bible to find the way to live, so we may be ready to die.” And carefully placing the remnants of the soiled, torn Book in a basket, he took it home.

He carried out his purpose. The precious Bible was studied, first the old, torn one, then a new copy, until the way of life was found; and his wife gladly joined him in the new sweet exercise of prayer, praise, and study of the Word of God, they now knew it to be. And so that old Family Bible accomplished its mission, and all that was left of it, up to the time of the protest of the stranger customer, lies on John Moulton’s table.

Lines Found in a Converted Infidel's Bible

The proudest heart that ever beat
Has been subdued in me;
The wildest will that ever rose
To scorn Thy friends, to aid Thy foes,
Is quelled, my God, by Thee.
Thy will and not my will be done;
I would be ever Thine,
To sing Thy praise, Incarnate Word,
My Saviour, Christ, my God, my Lord;
Thy cross shall be my sign.
W. Hone.

“All for Christ”

This was the testimony given of the dear lad, I had the privilege to know through Dr. Wreford. He was then seeking rest and peace. He wrote, “I have a longing for something I have not got.” May it not be, that there are hearts longing, who read this? The Spirit of God has aroused them to their deep need, and how true it is “None but Christ can satisfy.”

“I am saved through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. I can hardly explain the difference it has made to me, to know and feel that I belong to Jesus. I feel that glad. I am sure the dear Lord will give me strength. He will never fail nor forsake.”

Dear George became an earnest and faithful worker, seeking in a humble way to win other souls, and I was privileged to send him Testaments and tracts, and he writes: ■

“I can hardly tell you how the people about here appreciate the Testaments and tracts. What a joy it is to know that our dear Lord died to save us from our sins. Last Sunday, June 25th, I was baptized. I know that I am His, and He is mine.”

In his last letter he says: ■

“I am sure there is nothing like praying to God, asking Him to help and strengthen us.”

It seems difficult to realize that bright young life, so full of promise, is gone. Very suddenly came the Home call, but the Lord knew best, and his work was finished. The results of that short life, I believe, are far-reaching to His praise and glory. George never mentioned his health, but his close friend writes that he had suffered from heart trouble, and hardly knew how to tell me his own heart so full that George had gone.

A letter from another friend, who desires to have sent to her Testaments and tracts. She writes that only a few days ago George had given her my address to write to, and gives me the following testimony of one who was rich in faith.

“We loved him. Last Thursday he was called Home. Only a week before he took the service on “What is there after death?” Then he gave that little book to me. He has been a great help to a good many people about here. He gave his all for Christ. The rain poured down the day he was buried, but still two or three hundred turned up. The chapel was full nearly.”

The letter concludes with the earnest desire to drink deep at the fountain of God’s love, to become a channel of blessing to others. May the following words never be forgotten: “He gave his all for Christ.”

A. A. L.

The North Unst Lighthouse

This lighthouse, built upon the solid rock, an island in the midst of the seas, is the most northerly point in the British Dominions. The island on which it stands has a population of three — the lighthouse keepers. The lighthouse Isaiah 64 ft. high, with a fixed light 230 ft. above high water. The light may be seen at a distance of 21 miles.

There the light has shone brightly through the nights of many years — based upon the solid rock the lighthouse stands casting its radiance for twenty-one miles over the deep. How many lives have been saved through its benignant shining!

It reminds me, as I gaze upon it, of the Word of God, based upon the rock of unchanging and infallible inspiration.

Not all the storms of unbelief, that all through the centuries, have been raging around this rock, seeking to put out the Light of God's revealed Word, have weakened its power to diffuse the light in any way. "The foundation of God standeth sure." From Genesis to Revelation, it is the word of the Living God. The Bible, some tell us, contains the Word of God. We answer, "It is the Word of God."

Our Lord said, "I am the Light of the world." He has been shining over the destinies of men and women for more than nineteen centuries. He also said, "Search the Scriptures, they testify of Me, and beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scripture, the things concerning Himself."

“You Never Said so Before, John”

A venerable clergyman said lately, “Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husband’s arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church. I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done. She succeeded—sent the boys to college and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls, and strong-young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them, to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The eldest son as he held her in his arms cried, ‘You have been a good mother to us!’ Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, You never said so before, John,’ Then the light died out and she was gone.”

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude in payment of all that has been given to them t.. Boys, when you come back from college, don’t consider that your only relation to your father is to “get as much money as the governor will stand.” Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.

“My Name in Mother’s Prayer”

Years ago a little boy passing by the open door where his mother was kneeling in prayer, caught, as he passed, a part of a sentence. It contained his name, “My little David.”

This incident touched him at the time, although not so deeply as afterward. Through the long years that followed he heard the echo in his heart of his name, uttered in tenderest love and affection, in his mother’s prayer. He knew, of course, she prayed for him every day, but the casual hearing of his name-his own name, David, came back to his memory, and grew more tender as the years went on.

He grew to manhood, went to America, and began life, in a great city. With the sobriety and honesty, which one might expect in a boy trained as he had been, the young Scotchman began to make his way upward.

In time he married, and by middle age he had become a prosperous, and well-known banker. Yet, in all those years he had never forgotten the incident of his mother mentioning his name in her prayer, and now it came back to him in such overwhelming power, that there and then, he went down on his knees and yielded himself wholly to the Saviour.

One evening he wrote some verses and handed them to his wife. She sent them to a friend, who sent them to a gospel preacher. He read them in public, and they found their way into print, without any’ name attached to them.

Such is the history of the hymn in which are found the following lines: ■

“And as in quiet eventide,
I passed her kneeling there,
Just that one word, my name, I heard,
My name in mother’s prayer,
That kneeling form, those folded hands,
Have vanished into dust;
But still with me for aye shall be
The memory of her trust.
And when I cross the other side
And meet her over there,
We’ll praise the Lord Who blessed that word,
My name in mother’s prayer.”

A Thank Offering to the Lord

Wickham Market.

Dear Sir, ■I am sending you three shillings from a poor aged man. A brother in the Lord used to give him your little book, "A Message from God," and told him he would pray for him. Now his prayer is answered. He is rejoicing in the Lord, so he sends this as a thank offering to the Lord that it may go to send them to others. Praise God for what He has done, and is still doing, through His precious Word and the "Messages" being spread abroad.

Yours sincerely, A. L.

A Life Transformed

Pugelly, W. Australia.

Dear Mr. Wreford, ■ feel that it is my duty to let you know what a blessing your booklet, "How Can I Be Saved?" has been to me. Two years ago I. was a worldly, pleasure-loving sinner. Though professing to be a Christian, I had not been born again. A Christian friend who has since entered the home mission work lent me your booklet. By reading this I saw God's way of salvation, and accepted Christ as my Saviour. Praise God, my life was transformed.

I am, yours in His service, J. W. P.

Last Words for March

These two letters have cheered us wonderfully. Thank God we have many others, but I cannot print them here. God is working. Let me tell you how our Testament distribution is going on. We have distributed in January, 1923, 4,835 Testaments, In January, 1922, we sent out 1,310.

This one item I give to show our very great need. We are facing fast emptying shelves. We want 30,000 or 40,000 Testaments now, and we want booklets and magazines at once also.

If you will help us kindly send to

Dr. Heyman Wreford.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor.

My Dear Friends,

I am going to print for you three letters about the article in February "MESSAGE" "The Mocking of the Children." So many have felt the solemnity of these days as regards the young. I have been also greatly cheered by the letters I have received from many friends. In the midst of sorrow and affliction He giveth His joy, and when He gives peace, then all is peace. A dear friend sent me the following verses, for which I thanked God: ■

In the Furnace.

He sat by a fire of seven-fold heat,

As He watched by the precious ore,

And closer He bent with a searching gaze,

As He heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that would stand the test,

And He wanted the finest gold,

To mold as a crown for the King to wear,

Set with gems of a price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,

Tho' we fain would have said Him "nay,"

And He watched the dross we had not seen,

And it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter, and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand■
And questioned with anxious fears.
Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow,
As it mirrored a Form above
That bent o'er the fire, the' unseen by us,
With a look of infinite love.
Can we think that it pleases His loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah, no; but He saw through the present grief
The bliss of eternal gain.
So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.
Anon.

Card Playing, Dancing, Theater Going

To Christians who have formed the habit of card playing, dancing, and attendance at the theater, we affectionately send a word of entreaty, begging to assure them that we are constrained by the love of Christ, and by a sincere regard for their own welfare. You cannot be ignorant, dear friends, of the fact that your indulgence in these amusements is a source of great sorrow to many who love you; and if there were no other ground upon which we could earnestly and prayerfully implore you to indulge in them no more, it ought to be enough for you to know that your conduct grieves your fellow Christians, who are persuaded that it also grieves the Holy Spirit of God.

Are you sure, therefore, that you are not gathering serious harm to yourselves? Are you willing to die at a card table, or in a dance, or in a theater? Can you take Christ with you there? Would it not seem a strange sound to hear His name mentioned by your companions, except in jest or blasphemy? Could you wish to ascend from such amusements to meet Him in the air? Are they not in their origin, associations, and tendencies thoroughly worldly and only evil continually? Since you formed the dreadful habit of taking your body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, into the midst of scenes where earnest Christians are never found, are you not conscious of increasing indifference to the honor of your Lord, to the reading of His Word, to secret prayer, to your own spiritual interests, and to the salvation of others? Alas if you are not less active and consecrated than formerly, it is to be feared that you only had a name to live, while dead.

Oh, brethren and friends, if there is no harm in these things, how is it that the entire Church of God has ever condemned them as dangerous and wrong? Is it possible that there has been no cause for alarm, when the purest and wisest men and women for centuries have raised their voices in sad and solemn protest against the practices into which you have fallen; or can it be that all of these saintly and honored witnesses were but narrow bigots, soured to the sweet enjoyments of life? You know as well as we that Jesus says, "No man can serve two masters" (Matt. 6:24); that in His last prayer for all of His disciples He separates them from the world by the distance of His own separation. (John 17:14); that His Cross has snapped the link which bound them to the world. (Gal. 6:14); and hence the full force of the Apostle's tender beseeching "by the mercies of God," echoed by all of His true followers, must roll in upon your souls today, "Be not conformed to this world." (Rom. 12:2.)

SEL.

The Influence of the Dance

A young Christian lady was tempted to go to a dance. “Are you a Christian?” she asked her first partner. “Good gracious, no!” he replied. “Are you?” “Yes,” said she. “Then what on earth are you doing here?” came the surprised query. Needless to add, that young lady never danced again.

In the main is its tendency to uplift men and women morally—or to lower their moral standard? In all our amusements ought we not to ask, “Is there any good in it?” rather than “Is there any harm in it?” Let us never forget that we are “not our own,” for we are “bought with a price” (1 Cor. 6:20).

“Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you” (1 Cor. 6:19).

“O, the Gates of Heaven!”

A General Officer, an earnestly religious, man, though very silent — had been terribly ill for two or three days, but on the last day he was conscious and perfectly calm. Just as the end was coming, his whole face was lit up with unspeakable joy, and he exclaimed, “O, the gates of Heaven! the gates of Heaven! I had no idea there could be anything so beautiful.” and then he passed within them.

A Swearing Soldier's Distress

As the Rev. William Wilson, of Perth, was passing one evening along the streets of that town, three soldiers happened to walk behind him who were indulging in the utterance of the most profane and blasphemous language. One of them, on some frivolous account, declared it to be his wish that God Almighty might doom his soul to hell to all eternity. Mr. Wilson, immediately turned round, and with a look of dignity and compassion, said: "Poor, man! and what if God should say Amen, and answer that prayer?" Mr. Wilson passed on. The man seemed to stand petrified, and, on going home to his quarters, was in such distraction of mind and feeling, that he knew not whither to turn for relief. He was soon afterward seized with fever, under which he continued to suffer the most awful forebodings of eternal misery. His case was so singular that many Christians went to visit him, to whom he said he was beyond the reach of mercy. Mr. Wilson was brought, and told him the way of salvation, through Christ crucified, and encouraged him to flee to Him for refuge, to lay hold upon the Hope set before him. His words being accompanied by Divine power, the poor soldier was enabled to believe in Christ, and thus found peace and comfort to his troubled soul.

A. H.

A Cavern Dwelling

The photograph on the cover is the interior of a “house” in Ramaka. My nephew, who took the photo when on duty in Palestine, says the house “has obviously been swept and garnished for the occasion.” He goes on to say, “Probably quite 14 people sleep in this cavern, which would be quite dark without the flash-light by which the photo was taken. The doorways are inadequate, and the windows (if any) small and barred.”

Thomson, in his “Land and the Book,” says: ■ “It is not impossible, to say at least, that the apartment in which our Saviour was born was in fact a cave. I have seen many such consisting of one or more rooms, in front of, and including a cavern where thee cattle were kept. It is my impression that the birth actually took place in an ordinary house of some common peasant, and that the Babe was laid in one of the mangers such as are still found in the dwellings of the farmers in this region. That house may have stood where the convent does now, and some sort of cave, either natural or made by digging the earth away for building and for the roofs of houses, may have been directly below, or even included within its court. Thus all the demands of the tradition would be met, without resorting to the suspicious circumstance of a cave.”

We are interested in these dwelling places in Palestine, but we know that He who was born in lowliness and cradled in a manger is in His Father’s house in heaven now, preparing, a place for those who love Him.

An Authentic Narrative

A poor, weak-minded man, named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands and carry parcels, passing through London streets one day, heard the singing of Psalms in Dr. Calamy's Church, Aldermanbury. He went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders.

The Doctor, after a while, read his text from 1 Timothy 1:15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

From this he preached, in the clearest manner, the ancient and apostolic Gospel, that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinner, through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things.

Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he heard. Trudging homewards, he was overheard muttering to himself, "Joseph never heard this before! Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph: ■and this is true: ■and it is a 'faithful saying!'"

Soon afterward Joseph was seized with fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, "Joseph is the chief of sinners: but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves Him for this." His neighbors, who came to see him wondered at hearing him always dwell on this subject. Some of them addressed him in the following manner: "But what say you of your own heart, Joseph? Is there no token for good about it? No saving change there? Have you closed, with Christ by acting faith upon Him?" "Ah! no," says he; "Joseph can act nothing: Joseph has nothing to say for himself, but that he is the chief of sinners: yet seeing that it is a faithful saying that Jesus, He who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, why may not Joseph, after all be saved?"

Some one finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he uniformly dwelt with so much delight, went and asked Dr. Calamy to come and visit him. He came; but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the Doctor's arrival, he took no notice of him; but when the Doctor began to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, Joseph sprang upon his elbows, and, seizing his hands, exclaimed as loud as he could, with his now feeble and trembling voice, "O sir! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of Him. Joseph is the chief of sinners: but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph? O, pray to that Jesus for me; pray that He may save me; tell Him that Joseph thinks that He loves him for coming into the world to save such sinners as Joseph. "The Doctor prayed: when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly. He then put his hand under his pillow and took out an old rag, in which were tied up five guineas, and putting it into the Doctor's hand (which he had kept all the while close in his), he thus addressed him:" Joseph, in his folly, had laid this up to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age; take it, and divide it among the poor friends of the Lord Jesus, and tell them, that Joseph gave it them for His sake, who came into the world to save

sinner, of whom he is the chief." So saying, he reclined his head. His exertion in talking had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired.

Dr. Calamy left this scene, but not without shedding tears over Joseph; and used to tell this little story with much feeling, and as one of the most affecting occurrences he ever met with.

It may furnish the reader with matter for serious reflection. The congregation where Joseph heard the glad tidings of salvation through Christ, was large and fashionable.

Most of them, it may be, were occupied with themselves and their own thoughts and persons. They went, perhaps, to see and be seen, as is often the case, and listened heedlessly to that which was spoken. But not so with poor Joseph. He listened as to a voice from heaven—he drank in every word. With others, the word fell like seed on stony ground, or by the wayside. Their minds were intent on other things; and, perhaps, after leaving the door of the church, they never once more thought of what they had heard, although it was God's Word; but Joseph received it as God's Word, and not as man's word, and treated it as such. He heard it as with the ears of his soul. He held it fast, and thought upon it. Others cared for the things of this world, and slighted the good news of salvation; but Joseph, after he heard it, cared for nothing else. His mind was intent on his salvation. He knew that he was a sinner, and his soul clung to Jesus as the Saviour of sinners; for he believed what was written in the Word of God, that Jesus came into the world for this gracious purpose. Jesus died, "the just for the unjust." He "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," that he might bring us to God.

Joseph trusted in this blessed assurance. He believed in the love of God to us, sinners as we are, and this love drew forth his own. His faith was not an airy notion, but a principle of action. It was evidenced by his love, of which he gave substantial proof by giving to the poor friends of the Lord Jesus all that he possessed.

Poor Joseph had no faith in himself. Simple-minded as he was, he appears to have learned rapidly the lesson which many Christians are slow to learn. He appears to have renounced self in every form. He did not rely on the work in his soul for his comfort; nor did he trust in his faith for his confidence. He turned away from himself to rest solely on Jesus, his Almighty Saviour. Reposing in him, he could not but die in peace.

My “Rest Stone”

Jesus is my Rest-Stone. Yes, yes; I can rest nowhere else, for He has said, once and forever, “Come unto Me and rest.” My dear friend Miss Esdaile sent me this beautiful incident related by an Indian Christian at Travancore. In India, where burdens are mostly carried on the head or on the back, not in carts or wagons or barrows as with us, it is customary to provide resting-places along the road. Stones are set up beside the hot, dusty or rocky way, just the height for a man to rest his burden. There he can stand and rest while the whole weight is taken off his shoulders. When refreshed, he can go on his way until he reaches another stone. So this dear man called the Lord Jesus Christ his Rest-Stone—he had cast his burden of sin on his Rest-Stone believing and trusting that his Rest-Stone was safe, and that he would be sustained. Oh, dear friends, do let us continually be resting on our blessed Lord, the always and faithful Friend, who Himself bore our sins and carried our sorrows when He allowed Himself to be crucified for us. Surely we too can say, “I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad; I found in Him a resting place, and He has made me glad.” Dear friends, just “Believe and be saved.” Lean on Jesus Christ as your Rest-Stone.

Emily P. Leakey.

“Ask in Faith”

Thank God for a “Throne of grace” where “we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.” Will those who love the Lord unite with us in earnest prayer for one who writes: ■

“... My friend, I am a backslider, and unrepentant. Oh! it's no use. Perhaps we may meet above, but in my present state I can hardly hope so....”

I can only give this short extract. My heart was sorely troubled to get this letter, as I hoped for better things and could not get relief till I remembered the One, whose compassions fail not and whose love and mercy has followed this dear boy for years, in all his wanderings.

“O love that will not let him go.” I am now pleading daily for him, with confidence. Has not God said, “If ye ask anything according to His will He heareth us” (1 John 5:14)? “The Lord is... longsuffering... not willing that any should perish” (2 Peter 3:9). Pray for him.

A.A.L.

Planting an Orchard

We have here another view of present-day colonization of Palestine. A happy band of colonists are at work on virgin land near Kirjath Jearim, one of the Jewish colonies in Palestine. What a glorious day it will be for that once favored land when millennial glory will shine upon it for a thousand years and He shall reign Who is despised and rejected now. Then it will be

“Kings shall fall down before Him,

And gold and incense bring;

All nations shall adore Him,

His praise all peoples sing;

Outstretched His wide dominion

O'er river, sea and shore,

Far as the eagle's pinion,

Or dove's light wings can soar.”

The Bush in the Wilderness

It was a “great sight,” as Moses described it. In the barren wilderness surrounding the rocky heights of Mount Horeb, there would be but little vegetation. The rough bushes, therefore, scattered here and there, would be easily discerned.

One of these was seen to be on fire. And yet, dry and brittle as its stems and branches would be, it burnt on and on and was not consumed.

Moses drew near to gaze upon so great a sight. Shall we also seek to draw near with the question, “What did this great sight mean?” Perhaps it had more meanings than one.

1. It may be that the burning bush in the wilderness was intended to represent the children of Israel, at that time in Egypt, undergoing great affliction, a veritable furnace of suffering. But they were not consumed. On the contrary they seemed still to grow and multiply. And why? God was with them. His mighty power kept them in being. They were in themselves but a feeble bush in the wilderness, but they were safe, indestructible, till God’s purpose for them was fulfilled.

2. It may be that Moses was to see himself represented in the burning bush. He was to be called to a great work, called to confront a powerful and cruel king. How could he do it? He was but a feeble human being, a bush in the wilderness. But no power could harm him, for the fire of the Omnipotent God should dwell in him. He would not be consumed.

3. But a step higher still brings us to a vision of what should be long years later. The Lord Jesus Himself is before us—true Man, “bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh”—a bush of the wilderness, but the glory of God was with Him and in Him. “One God, one Mediator, the Man Christ Jesus.” That Blessed bush of the wilderness was not consumed upon the Cross, and He rose again, in great power and glory on the Resurrection Day—“Emmanuel, God with us.”

Are we in sore trial, in the furnace of affliction? Let us take comfort, God is with us there.

Are we called to some important and difficult work? Let us not fear; if God is with us, the living fire of His Presence will be our strength.

Do we feel the need of a Friend, as mighty as tender? Let us turn to the Heart of Jesus, lean on His love and power. We shall find a Fire that is never extinguished, but is everlasting.

Margaret Esdaile.

A Story from Pondoland

David was one of our schoolboys. He was the son of the Chief Vellem and his Christian wife Manzoli. He has learned in our school for a good many years. He was about thirteen or fourteen years old now and was a strong, healthy boy. But influenza came to the kraal. The mother was very, very ill with it, and it was very hard, as she had a wee baby only four days old when this terrible sickness came, and David's brother "September" was very ill too. In answer to prayer, the mother and boy got well. But a fortnight later David was struck down. Hearing that he was ill, the evangelist James and I rode over to the kraal on the Wednesday. He was indeed very sick, and was lying on a mat on the floor. The mother told us that in the night he roused and called his brother September. She went over and asked "Why do you want your brother?" He said, "To tell him he can take all my clothes, I shall never want them again, for a wonderful Person, all clothed in white and with shining face, came to me and told me to take no more medicine for He is going to take me to heaven." The next morning they questioned David as to whether he remembered what he had said in the night, not knowing whether to consider it delirium or what. He said he remembered perfectly, and that it was all true. James, who was with me, now questioned David. He said, "Suppose the Lord did call you and death came, would you be afraid?" At once came the answer, "No, I would not fear death." James asked "Why not?" "Because I trust in the Lord," said David. Questioned further as to his hope of heaven, the boy replied that he knew he was a sinner, but he knew that Jesus died for him. The next we heard was that his father had called in a native doctor. Then on Sunday came a messenger to say, "David died this morning." After the meeting all the Christians went over and James and I again rode sadly to the kraal to be present at the funeral. Manzoli told me about her son's last days. He was very grieved at a witch doctor having been called. He said, "God is very angry with you for calling this man. I don't want him: I can't take his medicine. If I must take medicine I would rather take the missionary's. But I need no medicine. God will give me all I need, when I reach heaven." They forced him to take some of the witch doctor's medicine. He said, "It would be better for me to disobey you than to disobey God." He spoke much of the Lord. He said that he gave himself to the Lord some time ago, when an evangelist from Natal was preaching. "But," he said, "I have not confessed Christ boldly as I ought that has been my mistake. I want you to name the new baby Nokuposisa, 'Mistake, or Failure,' then you will always remember how I failed. But God has forgiven me even that sin. He has forgiven all my sins." He quoted over and over, "Yea though I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me" (Psa. 23:4), and many times also "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matthew 11:28. He prayed aloud again and again, and sang portions of hymns that he knew. He said, "It was because I failed to confess Christ as I ought that God has sent this sickness, but I am forgiven now."

What a message this little lad has left behind! Only a little Pondo lad, yet the Lord revealed Himself to him and gave him firm assurance that he was going to heaven. "He being dead yet speaketh," and his message comes to us all. He had not lived earnestly for Christ. He was a quiet boy and gentle, and talked little with anyone. He came to school when able and to Sunday school regularly,

but he grieved that he gave no open and clear testimony for the Lord. We pray that his dying messages may reach the heart of his father, for he seems trying to hold the world with one hand and Christ with the other. He is a professed believer, but he is not clearly out of heathenism. Had he come right out he would never have called a witch doctor to distress his Christian child at the last. We laid the little boy to rest, and James preached the Gospel to the assembled heathen natives. We left the dear mother comforted indeed saying, "He is with the Lord," but oh, how lonely without her boy! May the Lord Himself fill the empty place in her heart.

David died on the last day of 1922.

Pondoland.

Frances Geyden-Roberts.

Our Great Need of Testaments

We want within three months to pay for 50,000 Testaments. That will mean more than £600. We want them clear of all debt before we use them. One thousand Testaments can be bought for £12 10s. If 50 of our friends will send us this amount we shall indeed praise God. But we are thankful for the smallest help. We ask above all for your prayers that God may bless every gift and every giver.

The need of work among the children is very great.

A Christian write's: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford. ■The children in the neighborhood have been stirred through one little boy starting to go to Sunday School. We bought him a Bible, and we wonder if you will send us a parcel of Testaments as you are led, for children about ten years of age. Hoping you are better in health, Yours in the Master's service, S. C.

The Army Testaments

Dear Friend, ■The little boy who lives at my home has been looking at the New Testament given to me while in the Army, and he said how he should like to have one, and as it is my desire to see him in the army of Jesus Christ, would you kindly forward one that I could give him.

As regards the one I have myself, I see your name and address within, and although it was given to me while in the Army, I should like you to accept my thankfulness for the comfort and consolation the reading of your Testament has brought to me, when the devil has been trying to upset things. Your fellow-worker in Christ, A. F.

The Diary of a Soul

By the Editor

DEAR FRIENDS, I have had many letters about the disobedience of children since my article appeared in February "Message from God." For want of space, I only print two now. May God raise up more and more workers among the young. They are needed.

I am also printing a few letters about dear Mr. Fred Smith, whose passing away I wrote about in March "Message from God." As truly as God sent me to preach the Gospel, so truly was Mr. Smith sent to help me all through the years of my public gospel testimony. I thank God with all my heart for giving me such a devoted friend. His work was done, and he has been taken home.

"Duty to Parents"

A friend writes to me: "As grandparents we realize the value of your article in the "Message" for February on "Duty to Parents."

Uncontrolled Children

Dear Doctors ■ I am writing to thank you again for your kindness in sending so many Testaments to me for distribution. I have some left. I pray the dear Lord to make them a great blessing... I think the children here are not like they were when I was young. So many parents seem to have no control over their children ■ the children are consulted, not the parents, and I am sorry to say this is among Christian parents. I am shocked at them. It discourages me to see and hear them.... I pray our dear Father that He will bless and strengthen you, that you may be made strong for His service.... ■ Yours in Christ, J.P.

The Passing of Mr. Fred Smith

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ I thank you for this month's "Message." The life and passing away of Mr. Smith, I think, is simply lovely.... ■ M. C.

Another writes: ■

...We also desire to express our Christian love sympathy to you in the loss of your dear old friend and brother in the Lord (Mr. Smith). We were much touched by the account given by you in the "Message." But how short the time is, and all that love our Lord Jesus will be together for all eternity... May God strengthen and bless you. ■ E. W. R.

Another writes: ■

"Kindly send me one or two more "Message from God" containing account of Mr. F. Smith's Home Call. It brought before me my late beloved husband's Home Call. —Yours affectionately in Christ, M. B.

A sympathizer writes:—

... I hope you are better, and pray that you may be comforted in the loss of your friend and brother, Mr. Smith. One man in our meeting remembers Mr. Smith very well. He indeed met his Lord that Lord's Day morning. We shall all, too, soon meet Him in the air, and then meet many such as dear Mr. Smith. —Your affectionate brother, W. K.

One more letter: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ Would you be so very kind as to send us two more copies of "A Message from God" for March, with its beautiful account of our brother, Mr. F. Smith, going from the Table of the Lord, and the Lord's presence there, to the Lord in the Father's House on high. ■ E. M. M.

To My Readers

I trust the following article, "Christ and His Word Blasphemed," which has been occupying me for some time, may be used by God to make many think. I ask your prayers, dear friends, for myself, and for the work God has given me to do. We want to fill our shelves with Testaments all paid for. We cannot say that yet.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

Heyman Wreford.

Christ and His Word Blasphemed

The greatest victory Satan has gained against the Lord Jesus Christ, he seems to be gaining in these days. His power was never seen in such deadly effect on the souls of professing Christians as it is now. The defection from a full belief in Christ and His Word is appalling. Many of the standard-bearers in the front rank of the army of the Lord are being seduced from their loyalty by the awful power of “seducing spirits.” Men whose names have been held in high honor for their loyalty to the Saviour and His Word, are now wounding Him by defending, or finding excuses, for those who are blaspheming Christ and denying the full inspiration of the Scriptures.

Think of a man sent out by a great Missionary Society preaching in China five sermons containing terrible and blasphemous attacks on the inspiration of the Word of God and the Deity of Christ—asserting that much of the Holy Word of God was derived from heathen sources, and that our Lord had His limitations.

Lieut.-Colonel Seton tells us that this missionary in his first sermon asserted that the Flood, the Ark and the Tower of Babel are prehistoric myths; (Sermon 2) that the stories of Genesis 1 and 11 are based on Babylonian myths; (Sermon 3) that the translation of Elijah is a similar story to that of the Taoist sage, Ke Hung, who lived in Chung-hee, and that our Lord's endorsement of such Old Testament stories may be due to His own limitations; (Sermon 4) that thoughts ascribed to Adam, Noah, Abraham and Moses are really Jewish conceptions of times as late as 450 B.C.! (Sermon 5) that the story of Jonah is obviously based on the Babylonian myth of the dragon Tiamat.

The man who preached these sermons—two of them in Hong Kong Cathedral—is still in the pay of the Missionary Society who sent him out. There are hundreds of others, at home and abroad, preaching these same “doctrines of devils.” They have put the Son of God to an open shame, they have disobeyed the command, “That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him.” ■ John 5:23.

These men are emissaries of Satan, seeking to break down the old foundations of eternal truth. They are falsifying the words of Jesus. Christ, who said, “Search the Scriptures, they testify of Me,” and at another time, when walking with two disciples to Emmaus, “beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded unto them, in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself.” Men are denying today “the accuracy of some of our Lord's utterances.”

What does the Lord Jesus say to such? ■ “If any man hear My words and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. He that rejecteth Me and receiveth not My words hath One that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.” ■ John 12

Stern and terrible words are these: like the Pharisees, it seems easy for some to sit in judgment on our blessed Lord now, but the Word despised and disregarded shall be the Word to judge these blasphemers in the last day.

They have attacked the deity of Christ-these “wolves in sheep’s clothing.” How could our blessed Lord be God if He had limitations? How could He make a perfect offering to God for our sins if He lacked any of the attributes of God■Himself God the Son?

I trust these blinded men, supported by those who must be as blind as they, will repent before it is too late. Their fallible Christ can give them no peace on their death-beds, and their imperfect Bibles will give them no solid basis of assured acceptance with God, when eternity is close at hand for them.

They cannot love the Saviour they traduce. The test of love is loyalty, and they show no loyalty to Christ. The curse of the Apostle is a terrible thing to face, but it must be faced by those who shadow the glory of the Son of God, and deny the inspiration of all the Scriptures. “If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha, that is, accursed at the Lord’s coming.”

The unassailable glory of Christ■

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.”■John 1:1 and 2.

“And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.”■verse 14.

“For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.”■Colossians 2:9. There are no limitations here.

Charles Spurgeon had to meet and answer such men as we have been speaking about when he was alive, and I want you to read the following quotation from one of his sermons, in which he preaches against the “Higher Critics.”

The Quotation

“O generation of modern thinkers, you will have to eat your own words and disprove your own assertions. You will have to confute each other and yourselves, even as the Moabites and Elamites slew each other. It may even happen that your infidelities will work themselves out into practical evil of which you will be the victims. You may bring about a repetition of the French Revolution of 1789 with more than all its bloodshed; and who will wonder?

“You some of you calling yourselves ministers of God, with your insinuations of doubt; your denials of future punishment; your insults of the Gospel; your ingenious speeches against the Bible, are shaking the very foundations of society.

“I impeach you as the worst enemies of mankind. In effect, you proclaim to men that they may sin as they like, for there is no hell; or if there be, it is but a little one: thus you publish a gospel of licentiousness, and you may one day cue the result.

“You may live to see a reign of terror of your own creating; but even if you do, the Gospel of Jesus will come forth from all the filth you have heaped upon it; for the holy Gospel will live as Christ lives, and its enemies shall never cease to be in fear.

“Your harsh speeches against those who preach the Gospel; your bitterness, and your sneers of contempt all show that you know better than you say, and are afraid of the very Christ whom you kill.”

More Doctrines of Devils

The Mythical Christ

“The Jesus of popular belief was largely a mythological figure. I would be sorry to have to try to reconstruct in any detail the history portrait of Jesus, or to say exactly where history ended and mythology began.” — Rev. Nowell C. Smith, Headmaster of Sherborne College.

The Fallible and Erring Christ

“Jesus did not claim divinity for Himself. He was in the fullest sense a man. The Divinity of Christ—**for He was Divine**—did not necessarily imply the Virgin Birth or any other miracle; nor did it imply omniscience. He knew no more than His contemporaries of mental diseases or of the authorship of the Pentateuch, or the Psalms. It was difficult to deny that Christ entertained some expectations about the future which history had not verified.”**The Dean of Carlisle.**

Jesus No More Than a Man

“Jesus Himself did not claim in the Gospels to be the Son of God in a physical sense, such as the narratives of the Virgin Birth suggest; nor did He claim to be the Son of God in a metaphysical sense, such as was required by the Nicene theology. He claimed to be God’s Son in a moral sense, in the sense in which all human beings are sons of God.” **Rev. H. D. A. Major, Principal of Ripon Hall, Oxford.**

The Miracles—Supernatural or Natural?

“In the light of modern psycho-therapeutic cures the miracles could be accepted as facts without recourse to the idea of Divine intervention outside the laws of Nature.”**Rev. C. W. Emmet, Vice-Principal of Ripon Hall.**

These quotations are from men today who are placed in positions of great trust in regard to the young and others. Thus they betray the trust placed in them to God and to their fellow-men.

Christ a Failure

A Speech by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw

“The man who says Christ was the highest possible being is not worth working with. Christ was a failure.”

Mr. G. B. Shaw, leader among intellectual socialists, thus defined his views at the close of an address to a gathering of undergraduates, college dons and Girton and Newnham students at Cambridge. His subject was “The Future of Religion,” and in the course of his remarks he said: “The mention of God has gone out of fashion. You never hear about God in Parliament, and only occasionally in the Law Courts. The people are governed by a system of idolatry. Clergymen, judges and kings are all idols who generally have to give sufficient money to dress better and live better than other people. When Charles Darwin came along, with his theory of Natural Selection, people jumped at it, and kicked God out of the window.”

This man, blasphemous braggart as he is, will one day have to bow his impious knee to Jesus, and own Him Lord to the glory of God the Father. “Christ a failure”! Millions will give him the lie, whose lives have been gladdened and made beautiful by Christ. His own heart will give Him the lie when he faces eternity without Christ. His conscience will give him the lie when he stands before the Great White Throne to be judged by the Christ he dares to call a failure now.

Poor misguided man to talk with his evil tongue of God being “kicked out of the window.”

His impious soul will be shaken yet by the power of God, and the “laughter of God” will make him dumb with awful fear, when God “holds him in derision.” “The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.”

But this man, utterly bad as he is, is not so vile as those of whom we have been speaking before, who, naming the name of Christ, and professing faith in the Bible, put the Saviour to an open shame, and tear His Word to pieces. Their condemnation will be greater than that of G. B. Shaw.

“Saved by Grace”

How wondrous God’s way of dealing with souls! The one of whom I write has, since his conversion, sought to bring others to the Lord Jesus, and is rejoicing in the blessed hope of His coming. In a letter he says: ■

... I worked as a farm laborer... and was a daring, reckless, ungodly man, cared for nothing and nobody but drink and tobacco... Enlisted... and after a short training crossed to France...

And then he describes his life there: ■

... Lying under a canvas tent, not asleep, or fully awake.... There was no real sleep, for the guns were close, and firing all night... it seemed as if the heavens opened, and I had a glimpse of the glory and those there, and I thought what a picture for a sinner so hardened as I was....

Even after this the downward path was followed, but God’s mercy arrested him, and he heard the Gospel from one of the Lord’s own messengers. Then he could write:

... And by his help I was led to the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a glorious change! From “darkness to light.”

A.A.L.

An Aged Saint

An aged saint, blind, and over a hundred years, listening to her daily reading of the Word of God.

She often said her resume of her past life was

“Mercy from First to Last.”

“And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you.” ■ Isaiah 46:4.

An Account of God's Dealings with George Suisted, and his Subsequent Conversion, as told by Himself

I was born in New Zealand in 1855. When between four and five years old my mother and father died, and I was cast out into the world and had no schooling beyond a few weeks' night school.

Being physically strong as a lad, at twelve years of age I left my grandfather's home to shift for myself, and shortly after learned the art of chopping and hewing timber for bridge-building. I was thrown into the roughest society, and soon learned card-playing, smoking and drinking. My brothers were well educated and respectable, and were carrying on an extensive business, and seeing me so reckless they informed me that if I could not behave myself I must leave the town. I said, "Very well, I will leave the colony."

"Having saved £100 (for I had been well paid at the timber hewing), I left for North America, taking another New Zealander with me, I paying his passage. I went to Utah territory and went into the sheep business: The rough, snowy winter killed about forty-four hundred of the sheep, and I suffered considerably myself. The finger nails on my right hand were frozen off, and I got rheumatic fever and almost died. My hip bones almost came through the skin, and I had to have pads of wool about two to three inches thick put on them to ease the weight of the body. I became delirious with the excruciating pain, and remarked that I wished I was dead and in hell! Oh, if God had allowed me to die then I should have been tormented forever in the lake of fire," where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

But God had His eye on me and spared my life. Still my troubles were not finished, for my little boy two years old died, and soon after my dear brother and one of his children got burned to death through a kerosene lamp exploding. I returned to San Francisco, intending to come back to New Zealand, and after paying my steamer fare I had £20 left. Just before leaving the wharf a man expressed sympathy with me, and invited me to go and have a drink. We went and had more than one drink, and as a result he and another man got £10 of my small store by a "confidence trick."

We arrived safely in Auckland, although I nearly lost my wife, for she was very ill all along the journey. From Auckland we took steamer to Wellington (my birth-place), and my wife soon recruited. I landed in Wellington with £6 in my pocket. I saw some men raffling a horse (a steeplechaser), and offered one of them £5 for his chance. I waited eagerly to see if this man's throw with the dice was to be beaten, for I had risked my last £5 note. However, no one beat his throw, and I took the horse worth £30.

I then found a situation at butchering and took to drinking heavily, and in a drunken revelry I sold all our household effects and took my wife to Wanganui. I then kept a hotel as barman, and received £2 a week and food from my brother; I drank the £2 as fast as I earned it. One day my brother's daughter said to her father, "Uncle steals money out of the till." Now, no matter what I had been, was not a thief, and this hurt my feelings so much that I told my brother I would leave. He said I ought not to take any notice of what his daughter said; but I persisted in leaving, and as I

had no money he gave me £10, so away I went to Bulls and took a place at 25/- a week.

I now tried to lead a moral life, gave up drinking, and turned over a new leaf. After three months I went to work for a storekeeper, who sent me down to a bush settlement named Rongotea to open a store. Here I got amongst a class of people known as "Plymouth Brethren." The first man I met there was a Mr. J. C■, who spoke to me about my soul. He told me I was going to hell. I said, "Then I will go with the big crowd, and if they can stand it I can." He then asked me to dinner, and while at the table spoke very plainly to me as to my state before God and my need of being saved.

From that time on I became very troubled about my soul, and some nights I dreamed that the heavens were on fire, and would leap out of bed with horror and tremble like an aspen leaf. Other nights I would dream I was sinking into the flames of a burning hell. Again, on other nights, I would be fighting with the devil. I remember one night a man was sleeping with me, and I dreamed I was grappling with the devil. I got my bedmate by the throat and nearly choked him. At this time I went so far as to load a gun to kill a man, and would have done so had he crossed my path that day. Thanks be to God, he kept clear of me.

But things were coming to a crisis, and I began to wish I could be sure of going to heaven. An evangelist came to Rongotea by the name of Mr. C. H. H■, and I was asked by Mr. C■ to go and hear him preach. I said I would, but when night came and my wife asked me if I were going, I said "No." She said, "You ought to be a man of your word and go." I replied, "I will be a man of my word, and I will go." All the way to the schoolhouse the devil kept saying, "If you go to the meeting you will get saved, and you will have your old chums pointing the finger of scorn at you." However, I went.

When the gentleman got up to preach my heart was filled with a spirit of hatred towards him because he had no gown, no surplice, and no white choker. But as he preached all the prejudice left me, and I became under deeper conviction of sin. He spoke about the door of grace being open, which was Christ, but he said there was no guarantee that the door would be open on the morrow, and if the door was shut I would be shut out forever. I thought the door would be shut before I could enter in, and I became almost frantic with despair. I went home and smoked till early morning thinking over what I had heard.

I pressed my wife to go the next night, and told her whoever the man was he was a man of God; so she went, and came home convicted but not converted.

The next day the evangelist went away. I saw him pass the shop, and said to a man present that I would give that man £5 if he would come in and show me words whereby I would know I was saved; but he passed by my shop. I would have gone anywhere, or I would have done anything, and given anything, to be saved, I was in such agony of soul. If I had possessed a revolver I should have blown my brains out; but thank God, His eye was upon me, and His hand too. I had heard that Mr. C■ held what they called a cottage meeting, so I was determined to go to it and see if I could get peace to my poor aching soul. Oh that men and women would come under a deep conviction of sin such as I experienced; there would be no fear but they would get saved.

So I caught my horse and started off, without being invited, to go to the cottage meeting. On my way up I met a bright Christian gentleman by the name of Mr. Geo. M —. I said to him, "What kind of people are these who read the Bible and sing hymns and have prayers and such like?" He said,

“You will find them pretty right; go and hear them.” He got off his horse and went under a bridge and prayed earnestly to God to save my soul that night. I proceeded up to the house, knocked at the door, and was welcomed in. When they sang, I tried to sing; when they kneeled down, I kneeled down; when they read the Bible, I listened, and when the meeting was over I had got nothing for my poor aching soul. When I got up to go, Mr. C■ followed me outside and said, “How do you feel?” I replied, “I feel wretched and miserable, and I wish I had never been born.” He said “I am glad to hear it.” When he said that, he could not have pierced me worse had he taken a two-edged sword and thrust it through me. Then he asked me this question, “Suisted, do you believe that Christ died to save you?” I said, “Yes, I believe that Christ died to save me,” He said, “Are you saved?” “No,” I replied. “Then you contradict yourself,” he said. I thought the matter over to myself, and said, “Well, I have contradicted myself, but I am not going to say I am saved when I am not.” He then said, “I will come and pray all night with you.” But I said, “It is no use, Mr. C■

Then I got on my horse, and, putting the reins on his neck, said to him, “Now you can go, and I don’t care how fast you go, or how slow.” And he went very slow. The roads were very muddy, and the horse went plop, plop, through the mud. When I got to the bridge where Mr. M■ went under to pray for me and ask God to save me that night, I looked up to heaven and out of the depths of my soul I cried to God to show me what was right. And what seemed like a voice said to me, “Why can’t you say you are saved-why can’t you say you are saved, after what Christ has done for you?” I said, “I will take Christ NOW as my Saviour,” and immediately I saw, as in a vision, the person and image of the Lord Jesus nailed hand and foot to the cross. I was born again, born of God, there and then, at about 10 o’clock at night, sitting on my horse.

I went straight home and preached Christ to my wife, and asked her if she could not see Christ bleeding and dying for her sins, and about twenty minutes after my conversion her’s took place. The next morning everything down here bore a new, heavenly appearance: “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away, and all things become new.”

Now, dear friends, twenty-nine years have come and gone, and He has kept me, and will keep me to the end. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts 16:31.) “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” (Rom. 10:8-10.)

SEL.

Intellectuality

I have just found a delightful little card that was sent me by my dearest friend at that time ■ Mrs. Savile, of Barley House. Carefully have I kept it ever since in my card case. "Friend after friend departs ■ who hath not lost a friend?" but there is a Friend who never departs, who, as the Bible says, "sticketh closer than a brother." ■ Prov. 18:24. My friend of Barley House went home to her Lord, but her little card has been a treasure ever since. It runs thus:

"Intellectuality

without

Spirituality

gives

Cold Comfort,

while Intellectuality

with

Spirituality

is

Priceless."

And is not this quite true, dear readers? ■ for true spirituality is beyond all price. The work of the Holy Ghost in our hearts produces spirituality with a deep love for Divine things, a true knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as our personal Friend, who is ever present in His temple ■ our hearts ■ speaking, guiding, protecting and showing the right word to be said in the right way, to walk in our everyday life ■ doing something to please Him every day. Do let us be continually praying that we may become more spiritual every day, and may the daily reading and study of His word ■ our precious Bible ■ produce in our hearts spirituality of intellect.

Emily P. Leakey.

A Wonderful Story of India

Dear Brother, — I enclose a mite towards your Testament Fund. I only wish it were a £100. The Lord's Name be praised for all your good work. Have you ever heard the tale (true) of a little girl who, for her sixth birthday asked her father to give her two Testaments? He said, "Why do you want them, my dear?" She answered, "One for myself, dad, and one to send to India to the Mission." Of course he gave her two. In the one she sent to India, she wrote in very large, plain type, "This is from a little girl who loves her Bible and her Saviour. She hopes that someone who receives this will learn to love the Bible and the Saviour too." The Testament reached the hands of a young Hindu woman who could not read. She asked a Missioner to read it to her. Then she began to learn the plainly written message and was able to understand it. Afterward she read the Testament itself, with the result that she became a Christian. Twenty years afterward the child who sent it went out to India as a missionary. She was called to visit a hospital patient, whom she was surprised to find was a true child of God. It turned out that this was the very woman who had received the Testament. "So bread cast upon the waters, etc." May, God continue to bless you in your wonderful work.

Yours affectionately, F. L. I.

Food for Thought

Think of 1,000 millions living and dying without God' and without Jesus Christ.

One hundred thousand souls a day

Are passing, one by one, away,

In Christless guilt and gloom:

Without one ray of hope or light,

With future dark as endless night,

They're passing to their doom.

Look at the procession of lost souls! 300 millions in India, 400 millions in China, 300 millions in other parts of the world without Christ.

Missionary Helps.

The Lord Is Coming

We have never had so many requests for Testaments and parcels■and every day almost brings us a record of God's blessing on the circulation of His Word. In the face of these things we ask you earnestly to pray with us that all we need to help souls to Christ in the work He has given us, may be sent by His own. The Lord is coming.

These are days of terrible need and of terrible sin-days also of wonderful opportunity. The Lord is coming.

The Ways of God

By the Editor

God's Mercy to Sinners

A DYING man said to a Christian, "I am afraid I am lost. I have broken the three vows I made to my dying mother. Before she died she called me to her, and made me promise her three things: (1) That I would never let a day pass without reading my Bible; (2) that I would always go every Sunday to hear of Christ; (3) that I would meet her in heaven."

The Christian said, "Two of these vows you cannot keep, the third you may: you may still meet your mother in heaven." He then told him of the mercy of God, and the love of Christ, and before they parted the dying man was crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He lifted his face from the darkness where he lay, and it became radiant with the light of a risen Saviour's mercy.

My reader, you may have doubtless promised a loved one, passing into eternity, that you would meet them in heaven. Have you kept that promise?

The angel of God's mercy to sinners preached the gospel of mercy over Bethlehem, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men." He stood by the manger in Bethlehem when Christ was born. He shed the glory of His presence in the home at Nazareth. He walked with Jesus on the paths of earth, and everywhere he went, he proclaimed the mercy of the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

The blind men saw the light of mercy shining into their opened eyes; the deaf ones heard the music of mercy ringing in their opened ears; the dead were raised at the touch and voice of mercy. Zacchæus saw the light of mercy shining in the eyes of the Son of God, when from the sycamore tree he was told to come down. The widow of Nain rejoiced in mercy's sovereign light when she clasped her son, given to her from the grave, to her rejoicing heart.

The dark shadows of Gethsemane were lit up by the brightness of God's love and mercy to sinners. The darkness was for Christ; the dark cloud hung over Him, but the silver lining to that dark cloud was for man, God's eternal love to man.

The light of God's mercy to sinners shone above the darkest shadows that hung around the cross of Calvary, yes, it shone above the darkness of those three hours when Jesus cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

There was God's mercy to sinners in the wounds of the suffering Christ; mercy to man in all the sorrows of the Son of God. Then, when the dying Saviour droops His bleeding brow and face upon His breast in death—when He cries "It is finished"—then methinks the angel of God's mercy to sinners soared aloft, and shouted as he neared the pearly gate, "It is finished"; and the watchmen on the jasper walls shouted, "It is finished," and all along the golden pathways of Paradise the cry passed from lip to lip, "It is finished." All heaven rang with the victory of Calvary—the triumph of the Cross.

Sinner, will you accept God's mercy now? A young man was urged to believe in Christ and be saved. His answer was, "I mean to have Christ by-and-bye, but not just yet." "But you may never

have another opportunity." "I'll chance it." And that was all he would say. A month later he died as he had lived. He took his chance for eternity. God's mercy was naught to him, what is it to you?

I love to think of the work Christ did upon the Cross as being for me. I bring my individuality in connection with Christ's death for sinners. I say, for me He came into the world, for me He had not where to lay His head, for me He sorrowed, for me He wept, and agonized and died. For me His sufferings at the hands of men, for me His sorrows at the hands of God. For me, He said, "It is finished." To me He says, "Come," to me He offers pardon and peace, as if I were the only sinner in the world, and He had died for me. The work of Christ was done for us as individuals. Take it for yourself now.

The Dirge of Calvary

“But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.” — Isaiah 53:5.

No, Pilate! not thy stern decree,
Rome’s mandate echoing wide,
Storm-tossed by many a mocking lip—
“Let Him be crucified!”
Thy voice condemned Him to His death,
That guilt thy soul must bear;
But I have crucified my Lord,
‘Twas my sins nailed Him there.
‘Twas mine to bind that holy brow
With crown of cruel thorn;
‘Twas mine to wound that loving heart
With devil’s hate and scorn;
‘Twas mine to press upon His soul
That load of suffering care;
For I have crucified my Lord,
‘Twas my sins nailed Him there.
‘Twas I that brought Gethsemane
To God’s beloved Son,
And led Him up to Calvary,
For ills that I have done;
The darkening heaven, the rending earth,
Thrilled with their vast despair;
For I have crucified my Lord,
‘Twas my sins nailed Him there.
‘Twas His to pardon, His to bless

The one that wronged Him so;
I had not known the peace of God
Had He not suffered woe.
But evermore His blessed Cross
Brings God and heaven to me —
For I am crucified with Christ,
And Christ now lives in me.
Heyman Wreford.

Conscience Stricken

The following striking and true incident was the last piece written by J. H.A., a patient of mine. He wrote it very shortly before he passed away. This is the incident, which I have called "Conscience Stricken," told in his own words: "Just after my conversion, over thirty years, ago, the peace of which I have never lost, I was asked to go with a friend to visit a laborer who was ill, and not likely to get better much anxiety was shown about this man's soul by my friend, but lie could make no impression on him■ he seemed quite hardened. My friend did not visit him for a day or two■then he asked me to go and see him, which I did two or three times. But apparently no impression could be made upon him. At last feeling sure that something was hindering, all. I could do was to ask the Lord to show what it could be. I called to see him again with greater hopes■I tried to gently win his heart, but I found it was still as, hard as ever. While I was anxiously waiting for the power of the Lord to manifest itself, suddenly the woman of the house spoke out and said, 'Why, sir, it was not him you were sent for. God surely meant you to see me. I am the great sinner. I have been taking in all that you have said to him, and I am sure the message was for me. I have lived with several men, and was never married. I have lived with this man a long time. Do you believe really what you say that I can get pardon this very night?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then by God's help, you shall not go out of the house until I have got salvation.'

"So saying, she locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. Then gazing earnestly on me she said, 'Get on your knees, and cry mightily to God for me.' We knelt together, entreating God to turn her eyes to Calvary and see the dying Saviour there, then, while entreating for her in prayer, she burst out in these words, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art my dear Saviour. I am a great sinner. I do believe Thou Nast died for me.' With tears streaming down her happy face, she took the key out of her pocket and unlocking the door she said to me, 'Now you may go, and the angels will take care of you on that awful highway.' [It was a dark night into which he was going, and the road was rather lonely and dangerous.]

"Then turning to the man she was living with, who had been in the room all the time, she said, "I shall live no longer with you, I won't be known any longer as such a vile one." He made no reply. She turned to me and said, 'I shall try and arrange for him to go to the workhouse, because I am too poor, and so is he, to get a home for himself.'

"This she did, and they separated in this way. He proved to be a backslider, and had told her he once knew the pardon of his sins, but he had wandered far from the Lord and His people, and he said he did not care.

"However, soon after he was taken very ill, and while on his sick bed God convicted him of the sin of his backsliding, and he, was happily restored in his soul, and was very peaceful when he passed away.

"The woman herself came into the town. There she lived a very godly life in company with her sister, many bearing witness to her humble and sincere life."

“P.S.■Kindly omit my name in full. I am but a poor sinner saved by grace.

J.H.A.”

A Word for the Sinner

Such was the invitation given to an old man who had almost reached the allotted span, and at his extreme age had listened often to the pleadings of God's Spirit in connection with his eternal soul's welfare. With tears in his eyes, he would admit that he was a sinner, also said he was convinced that nothing but the sacrifice of God's Son could meet his case. Yet he did not feel that he could apply it with assurance. His feelings barred the way to his getting the peace with God which is the result of believing.

"Delivered for our offenses," "Raised again for our Justification," "Therefore, being justified by Faith, we have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ." How beautifully clear and simple! See Romans 4:25 and Romans 5 and 1. Delivered for ME. Raised for ME. Then MY acceptance of that fact brings Peace with God, and ever reminds our souls of the ONE, "the Lord Jesus," through whom this blessing comes. Now as time wore on, this old man would always repeat the same old wail: "I want it! But I do not feel it! I do not feel it!" How many there are just in old H.'s condition of soul. Looking inside to feel something, when God's terms of salvation are Hear, and Believe. See John 5:24. Hearing, believing, having. Can anything be more simple? Not one word about H. 's trouble, "Feelings." No; God speaks in His word. I believe what He says, and the result is Peace with God. So, after much crying to God, for the light of His love to dawn into his soul, he graciously heard, and removed the hindrance, and old H. is now at Peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. As it may be of interest to others in this condition of soul, I just pass on the confession of the dear old man, whose face shone with the new life God had placed within him, and with lips now able to express his thanks to God, he said: "I have now stepped inside." He had been, as it were, for some time (according to his own confession "admitting his need," and the remedy Christ) as standing on the MAT outside the door. He saw with new eyes the invitation, "Come inside," and until he made that all important step out of self and "feelings," into Christ, he was still outside. Then his confession came on the inquiry the following Lord's Day afternoon, "How is it now?" The bright, smiling face of the dear soul, now delivered from his fears, doubts, and feelings, said: "Oh, I'm right now, for I have stepped INSIDE." Dear reader, this is a true report of what happened in dear old H.'s case, and the point is this, for your consideration: You are either outside the door, with the wrath of God upon your head (John 3:36), or you are inside, safe as Noah was when he heard God's voice say "Come inside," and there alone in that ark was immunity from God's wrath and judgment. Again, dear reader, we entreat you, in your own interests, not to stop on the mat outside, but take God's offer personally. Fit it to your own case, and step INSIDE. Genesis 7:1.

R. Morrison.

The Summit of Mount Moriah

A traveler says: "The greatest curiosity in the interior of the Mosque of Omar is the immense stone from which the name, Es Sakhrah (the rock) is derived. It is a mass of native rock, the sole remnant of the top of the ridge of Mount Moriah, some 60 ft. long by 55 ft. wide, and 10 ft. or 12 ft. high on the lower side. All the rest of the ridge, was cut away when levelling off the platform for the Temple and its courts."

My reader may dwell with sacred curiosity on all the memories that crowd around this spot.

A Word from the Lord Himself

How wonderful it is—it causes a change in the spiritual mind immediately. I have for some time been thinking of writing about the many “nevers” that are in the Bible ■ “fire must never go out,” “never hunger,” “never thirst,” “never die,” and many more, and that wonderful “never” in John 13:8, when Simon Peter said to our Lord, “Thou shalt never wash my feet,” but when the Lord answered, “If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me,” see what a change came in Peter’s heart at once, “Not my feet only, but my hands and my head.” He at once wanted all for Christ, and so, dear friends, it will be with us, if we hear Him speak to either of us, we can also repeat with St. Peter, not my feet only but my hands and my head. Listen for His voice when He speaks, quietly listen, and you will be guided what to say or do. Even in sleep you will hear His voice, as a dear young friend of mine dreamed she was close to the pearly gates and begged to be admitted, but His voice said, “No go back and comfort the sorrowing and speak for Me,” and now she is doing this and working for Him more than ever (God bless her). One day some years ago I was privileged to comfort a dying clergyman. He was dying of heart disease and kept on repeating Psalms 28:1, “If Thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit,” so I repeated scripture to him, text after text, “Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart, wait I say on the Lord,” and the Lord did, for shortly after, He “turned his mourning into dancing” (Psa. 30:11), and he repeated to me that wonderful poem of “Wrestling Jacob,” a verse of which I transcribe ■

“The Sun of righteousneses on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings,
Withered my nature’s strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings.
My help is all laid up above
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.”

Emily P. Leakey.

Clinging Still

“LO, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion (or whisper) is heard of Him!” (Job 26:14.)

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

My friend Mr. H— and I were speaking of remarkable providences, or rather of what we deemed to be such; when he said I think the following-incident will interest you.

Captain T■, a well-known Christian officer of the Guards, was hurrying along the Strand to keep an engagement at Exeter Hall, where he had been announced to speak■he had been detained and was late. As he turned into the entrance, a gentleman walking in the opposite direction observed him, and was struck by his manly and officer-like bearing, and followed him into the hall, without having the smallest notion for what purpose meetings were held there.

At the same moment Captain T■stepped upon the platform, and was at once called upon to address the meeting, and the strange gentleman took his seat in the body of the building. Captain T■had not had a moment to collect his thoughts, or to formulate his address, and all the while he was speaking Satan kept whispering to him, “You never made such a fool of yourself in your life,” and all the while he was speaking, the thought was impressed upon the mind of the stranger■ “When I die I will send for neither priest nor parson■that is the man for me.”

At the conclusion of the address, General■ rose, and having obtained the name and address of the speaker, made a note of it.

Years passed, when one night a violent ring came to Captain T — ‘s door. Putting his head out of the window, he asked what was wanted. A powdered footman replied, “My master, General■, is dying, and has sent for you.” Captain T■replied, “I never heard of your master, but I will come.” Dressing as speedily as possible, he came downstairs, and from force of habit took his umbrella from the stand and jumped into the cab, and was rapidly driven off to General■ ‘s house, a magnificent West End mansion. Friends had been summoned from the theater, ball-room, and opera to take a last farewell, and were now assembled, in compliance with the General’s wish, to take part in the religious function which it was expected Captain T■would conduct.

As the bedroom door opened and Captain T■walked, in, umbrella in hand, a motley scene presented itself. Upon the bed lay the apparently dying man, while all around stood groups of ladies and gentlemen dressed in the height of fashion, expecting some remarkable religious ceremony to be conducted by a layman, of a character very different from that which marked the services to which those who attended their West End church were usually accustomed. Nor were they disappointed, but, much to their astonishment, Capt. T■, instead of producing his Bible or engaging in extempore prayer, or urgently appealing to the dying man to come to Christ, held his umbrella across the bed and told the invalid to lay hold of it. He did so, first with one hand and then with the other. “Now,” said Captain T■, “all you have to do is by faith to cling to Christ as you are

clinging to that umbrella.” Without another word he left the room. The assembled friends were very angry. “What consummate folly,” and much more to the same effect.

In the morning Captain T■ called at the house and sent for the nurse.

Captain T■: “Is General■ still living?”

Nurse: “Yes; and no thanks to you.”

Captain T■: “Is he conscious?”

Nurse: “Partially.”

Captain T■: “When conscious what does he say?”

Nurse: “I’m clinging still.”

Captain T■: “Good morning, that will do.”

General ■ recovered, and went to stay with Captain T—at D■ Park. There he met my friend Mr. H■. One night, when a large party was present, after prayer, General asked permission to tell his story, and then added, “I have nothing more to say except that I am clinging still.”

The foregoing narrative is a plain recital of simple facts. It contains the Gospel in a nutshell. To come to Christ as the Saviour is the first act of faith; and to cling to Christ, Who alone is strong enough to uphold and wise enough to guide, and loving enough always and everywhere to shepherd His sheep, is the second. General ■ met all the requirements, as a man of the world, demanded by the society in which he lived and moved” and had his being. He was “an officer and a gentleman”; a thoroughly moral and, so-called, “religious” man. Being very wealthy, he was certainly clothed in purple and fine linen, and he fared sumptuously every day.

As for the crumbs that fell from his table, by all means let the poor and destitute make the most of them. He naturally objected upon principle that any unhappy Lazarus should lie at his gate full of sores—the sight was repulsive, and Thompson, the butler, was requested without delay to communicate with Bumble, the relieving officer, to prevent the recurrence of such a thing. Bumble, thoroughly appreciating the quarter from which the request came, was zealous beyond measure, and General■ could march to church with military punctuality, spotlessly attired, without the annoyance of being met or accosted by any wretched unhappy Lazarus on the way. What then was amiss? Only this, that the center of General — ‘s life was General■, and not Christ.

He had for many long years been contenting himself with the outward and visible sign, while ignorant of the inward and spiritual grace. From the moment, however, that with both hands he grasped the outward and visible sign as the umbrella was held across the bed, he realized, as never before, “the thing signified,” and by faith laid hold on Christ his Saviour, and having laid hold of Christ he clung to Christ.

Reader, how is it with you?

You have probably complied with all the outward and visible requirements of the church to which you belong. You may have been baptized with water, confirmed, and on certain festivals of the Church you may have attended the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper; but all this and more also is

in vain, unless having by faith come to Christ, you make Him the center of your life instead of self, and having enthroned Him Lord and King, live and move and have your being in Him. To be out of Christ is to be lost. To be in Christ is to be saved.

Late Madras Staff Corps.

W. D. Chapman (Capt.)

“Moment by Moment”

How blessed thus to be kept, and I am writing a brief extract from my sailor friend’s long letter from China, trusting it may be used in blessing to many hearts. He writes: ■

“Truly the goodness of God followeth us. How wonderful is His love and care over us, as He ‘moment by moment’ leads us on our journey to our home on high.

“Oh, ‘twas love, ‘twas wondrous love,

The love of God to me,

It brought my Saviour from above

To die on Calvary.”

“And now He has gone to prepare a place for us, that where He is there we may be also, and we are getting nearer to our Home and the time of His coming again. What a blessed hope is ours.... May He by His grace and Holy Spirit keep up faithful, holding fast our profession without wavering. I do praise God for all his love to me. The way is sometimes dark and rough, but He is able to make the crooked places straight and the rough places plain, and is able to supply all our need.

“I do feel how unworthy I am, but Jesus paid it, and now in Him I stand, clothed and in my right mind... Oh, for a greater and deeper knowledge of the love and power of Christ Jesus, just to the clay in the hands of the Divine potter, the vessel broken and emptied for His use made meet. Truly as you say, ‘without Him we can do nothing.’.... I do think it is wonderful that by the grace of God and through the precious Blood of Jesus we are cleansed every whit... and now the ‘life I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.’ I do praise God because He has by His Holy Spirit led me to see the need of a full and complete surrender to Him, and only by yielding all to Him is He able to use us to do and work His will. Praise God, those who are nearest Him are farthest from the world.... Praise the Lord, He is keeping me by His grace.... I feel the need of constant heart searching before Him... I do pray that God will bless the labors of the dear Doctor for Him, and all who are thus laboring for Him.”

My dear friend closes with Eph. 3:16-21. Has this wonderful love of Christ won the heart of the reader of this extract? A. A. L.

Are You a Hinderer?

Bishop Hill, of Africa, tells how one day he was speaking to some young men, but could not get on because of a young fellow who turned everything to ridicule. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he turned to the young man and said, "Do get out of this! If you don't want to be saved yourself, don't hinder others." The young man got up, left the meeting, but God used those words to awaken him to a sense of his danger, and late that night the Bishop pointed him to the Saviour. Three months later Bishop Hill stood beside the death-bed of that same young man. All was well as far as he was concerned, but he was full of anxiety about the other young men. With voice quivering with excitement, he said, "Were those others saved? Oh, I may have hindered them." If we do not ourselves lead others to Jesus. Christ, at least let us not hinder those who are trying to do so.

A Few Letters from Christian Friends

“God has blessed you”

Dear Sir and Brother, ■... God has blessed you and will bless you, and in the Morning you will see and be glad. Go on and may you and yours see of your efforts and be glad. I am now seventy-five, and thank God in good health.... May God bless you and yours, and may the work go on. ■E.G.

For the Children from Italy

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Thanks for very kind letter. The circulars you enclosed in last month's magazine, “A Message from God,” about the children in our own land touched us very much. It is sad to think of the young being taught such terrible things. May God indeed bless your efforts in sending God's Word to the dear children, my friend, and I send the enclosed for the spread of God's Word among them in England (£1) ... With greetings in Christ, Yours by His grace, E.B.

A Friend says:

Please accept 10/for the children, wishing I could send more. Yours in our coming Lord, H.M.

Help for the Lord's Work

Dear Dr. Wreford,—I enclose £1 to help in your work for the Lord... We are so glad to read your circular, and to know of your love towards the children in distributing the gospel to them. Our prayer is that God will bless you and all you do for Him. Yours very sincerely, D.N.

Grave Danger to Children Dear

Doctor, ■Your reference to the grave danger our children are exposed to through the work of the “Proletarian Schools” is the second time the matter has been brought to my notice, and I am glad to know that these facts are being given wide publicity through your leaflet appeal for Testament funds. A co-worker in our small Sunday School suggests that you issue a small tract or leaflet as a warning and appeal to all Sunday School workers and parents who really love the Lord and desire the well-being of the young of our nation... I just pass on the suggestion for your consideration. May the Lord really bless your labors. Yours affectionately, for Christ's sake, A.E.C. (junr.).

Night School Children

Norwich.

Dear Dr. Wreford, — I am so glad to be able to have a little fellowship with you in the very important work entrusted to you. Please find 10/-enclosed for Testaments.

We are making a special point of encouraging our night school children to commit scripture to memory, and as a little encouragement we offer small rewards in the shape of books. A good many are, I hope, reading a daily portion of the Word. Oh, that the parents may be reached through their children. Yours in Christ,

E. J.

An Appeal for God and for Precious Souls

My friends, may every letter you have read, show you the reality of our work and the increasing need for its continuance. We have never had so many requests for Testaments and parcels and every day almost brings us a record of God's blessing on the circulation of the Word. In the face of these things we ask you earnestly to pray with us that all we need to help souls to Christ in the work He has given us, may be sent by His own.

These are days of terrible need and of terrible sin-days also of wonderful opportunity.

The Ways of God

By the Editor

IN the April number of "Message from God" I had an article on "Card-playing, Dancing and Theatergoing," and another article on "The Influence of the Dance." A gentleman wrote me a letter in which he said he had read the articles "with surprise and some indignation." He went on to defend card-playing, dancing and theater-going he saw no harm in them at all and he thought the point is "are we serving our generation to the best of our ability, so that we are not afraid to meet Him face to face." I liked the tone of his letter it was the letter of an honest man. I shall pray God to lead him to Christ and to teach him the great lessons of Christian living.

For his sake and the sake of others I am printing the true story of men led into awful sin through the influence of card-playing, etc.

Frank Gray

A drizzling rain was falling when Mrs. Gray set out on an important mission. The thin white-faced woman of fifty, in a black shawl and bonnet, trudging along in the rain, was a woman who walked and talked with God, who loved Christ, and lived Christ. She was not loved by everybody. Her mission was to call on a new minister in the town she lived. A very popular and talented young man, a bachelor, who boarded in the best house in town, and had plenty of visitors. He sat in an easy chair reading. "Why Mrs. Gray, what brings you out this dismal day?" "Not pleasant business, Mr. Ellis." "Dear me! dear me! sickness?" "No, worse than that." "Indeed!" and he looked with astonishment into her sorrow-stricken face.

"I will be brief, Mr. Ellis. Is it true, that when my son sought your advice about card playing you sanctioned it?" "Yes oh, yes I remember dear young fellow I regard it as a little harmless recreation, never playing for money oh, dear, no not a cent, Mrs. Gray! I thoroughly disapprove of that. But why so solemn and serious about this matter? He is a steady, earnest young fellow, is he not?"

Mrs. Gray hesitated, and there was a tremor in her voice when she said, "Steady now; but you have made a mistake Mr. Ellis, and may God forgive you, as I do. I fear you have done my son incalculable injury, and God only knows where it will end. He is hardly twenty-one, and has made a

profession of being a Christian for three years, and until you came regarded card-playing as unwise, and as dangerous to a Christian as theater-going. Quite recently his most intimate friends, the Laytons, have taken to card-playing, and when they urged him, he again and again refused, until they said, 'You ask Mr. Ellis — he plays; and surely if he, a minister, can, you might.' He came to you and the result is that ever since he has spent more time at cards than in prayer. I thank God, that his father, who was a godly man is spared the grief of seeing his only son with a pack of cards in his hand."

"My dear Mrs. Gray, you hold very morbid views of things. I venture to call such views strait-laced cant. Things are changed, and times different. Young men want amusement, and ministers have to be all things to all men."

"Mr. Ellis, I did not come to argue whether it is lawful or unlawful for a man of God to be a card-player. The dear old Bible settled that lone ago, and the awful and disastrous results of card-playing have shown, with most emphatic confirmation, that followers of the Lord Jesus Christ ought to come out and be separate from the world, and touch not the unclean thing; for if there be an unclean thing it is card-playing, which in nine cases out of ten leads to gambling, which is deplorable, whether seen in gambling hells or in respectable homes of professedly Christian people. Mr. Ellis, you are young, and you do not know what you are doing, but if you are an honest man, and will let the Holy Spirit teach you, you will speedily, regret your advice. But remember, you can never undo. Our best actions and our worst actions live forever. When you and I take our places in the glorified throng we cannot leave those heights to undo the mischief our example and our words did here. 'Let no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way!' This card-playing may be the ruin of my boy; but a mother's prayers shall rise for him continually; and for you that God may deal graciously and mercifully with you. Thank you for courteously listening. Farewell."

The young minister made no answer. Even offended dignity was silenced, so terrible the suffering he detected on the countenance of that lonely widow. While she spoke he cast a glance at his mother's picture on the wall, and he knew quite well that if those lips could speak, they would say the same words. As he took the hand which trembled, he said, "I am sorry to have pained you, Mrs. Gray." And then, while watching that tall lady going through the dismal rain, until out of sight, he saw a splendid carriage, with a pair of fine grays, come dashing along the street and stop at the door. Into his room, all smiles, came his senior deacon. "Ah, Mr. Ellis, in the dumps this wretched day. My wife thought as much, and sent me to take you home to dinner." "Thanks, Mr. Seymour, thanks — just the very thing — ready in a moment"; and the last solemn hour faded away.

"Late mother, late as usual!" as with a smile bright as sunshine, Mrs. Gray welcomed her boy home that evening, helped him off with his wet mackintosh, and told him tea was ready.

"And I am ready for it mother, although it will have to be a rush, as Mr. Seymour has asked me to spend the evening with Mr. Ellis at his house." A pang shot through the widow's heart. "You consented, Frank?" "Yes mother, reluctantly, for I did not like leaving you alone again after such a dreary day; but he would take no denial, and as I am expecting him to raise my salary next month, I shall have to be amiable. A chop for me, mother. What extravagance!" She did not tell him that she had had no meat for dinner; for although she lived in a pretty cottage, yet her income, even with Frank's wages, was small.

"I wish you would not play cards tonight," she said when helping him on with his coat. "Oh, you frightened mother, what harm can there be in playing a quiet game, with Mr. Ellis? No sorrowful looks, mother. As though I could ever cause you grief—not I, mother." "If you grieve the Spirit of God, Frank, by worldliness, the devil will soon make havoc with your life." — Frank hurried off.

Mrs. Gray knelt in the twilight. ■ "O God, save my boy, my only child! Keep him from evil." Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Tell me what to do, Lord. Take him rather than spare him to grow up a worldly professing Christian."

It would take too long to relate how that bright, gifted young man rapidly fell into the horrible sin of gambling. Swift was his downfall, staggering even to those who had helped him to it. Mr. Ellis had been on the Continent for three months with the Seymours, and when he returned Frank Gray had disappeared. Not even his mother knew where he had gone. Charged by the senior clerk at Mr. Seymour's office with an embezzlement that could not be proved, he had hurried home, packed his valise, and left the town at midnight with a depraved, middle-aged man. On a table his mother found a note. "Don't trouble about me, I shall be all right. Impossible to remain in the town where I am regarded as a thief. My friend has heard of an appointment which will be financially better for me than Seymour's; when settled I will write." Weeks passed away—no letter. ■ Poor weary heart! How Satan tried her with his "What about your prayers? What is God doing?" etc.; and distrust sought admission into that distressed heart. But her Lord said, "Be not afraid, it is I." She knew His voice so well. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," she answered.

A little incident greatly comforted her: two refined looking lads called, delicately seeking news of Frank. "We love him, Mrs. Gray, because he taught us to love Jesus; and we thought it might comfort you if we came to tell you that we have both decided, with God's help, never to touch a pack of cards again. Once we told him we were learning and he only smiled and said, 'Never play for money, lads.' But the last time he took the class, and told us he was not going to take it again, he implored us all to give up card-playing, as it might lead us down to hell. ■ We did not understand then, Mrs. Gray, but we do now. Father said that it was gambling that led dear Mr. Frank into bad company; are you not comforted at knowing that Tom and I have given it up?" She could hardly speak her emotion, was so deep. "Dear young lads, God bless you! I do thank God for sending you to me in my sorrow. May He keep and bless you." The morning after Mr. Ellis heard the news he took all the money he had, and started for Liverpool. He knew the man's haunts with whom Frank had gone, and he left no stone unturned to rescue Frank. With his face set like a flint, he searched the city, took a policeman with him into the lowest haunts, and stood outside the gambling dens and theaters, until one night his long and weary search was rewarded. Down the steps of one of the theaters he came—Frank and his companion. ■ How wild, how wicked his face was.

"O God, help me!" prayed Mr. Ellis. They were just about to enter a cab, when Mr. Ellis's hand fell on Frank's arm. He started—turned deathly pale, and then laughed. It was a mocking laugh, and for years rang in the ears of the man whose heart it smote. "Can I speak to you a moment, Frank?"

"No, sir, not one moment. Go home and rescue the rest of your congregation whom you have dragged to the card-table, but don't come to Liverpool to do it when it is too late. I have lost peace—lost a home—lost a mother through You; and as I am little likely to regain them, I charge you as the murderer of my soul; you whom I trusted, honored, loved, led me into the sin through

which I fell. God forgive you." And without waiting a reply he flung himself into the cab.

Charles Ellis, stunned by those awful words, stood until the voice of the crowd had died away, and then exhausted with weary search and sleepless nights, he fell. When he awoke to consciousness, thanks to kindly aid, it was in the country home of his maiden aunt not far from Liverpool, who nursed him through a long illness of brain fever. There God met him through the fall of Frank Gray. To this quiet home, in the country village, Mrs. Gray was going one lovely October morning. Miss Ellis had written, enclosing railway expenses, and earnestly requesting her to come immediately, as there seemed to be something on her nephew's mind which he wanted to say to her. A carriage waited at the station, and the delightful ride was invigorating. She had never heard from, nor of her boy; but this sorrow was rolled on Jesus; and more placid and beautiful than ever was the calm sweet face which smiled on the country lad who drove and listened to her words. "If hever there lived a hangel on this 'ere earth, that air lady is one," said he to the cook.

Much more fragile than Mrs. Gray had expected, Charles Ellis lay upon the soft downy bed. "So good of you to come," he said softly. "Leave us alone, good aunt. If Mrs. Gray returns tomorrow, I must talk to her while I feel able." "I shall return tonight by the last train," said Mrs. Gray. "Tonight? Why?" "Frank might come home," she answered. "I could not be away. While my life is spared, I must be there to give him a welcome." "You expect him?" "Oh, yes; I have asked God to bring him home; I can wait His time." "Are you not weary?" "No, I find in God a resting place. In our ignorance we must not hurry the Lord." "Have you any knowledge of what caused my illness?" "Not any. I have sometimes thought it might be connected with poor dear Frank's fall." "You are right; but before I tell you, I ask you to forgive me for the great wrong I did you and him. You were right in what you said to me. Have you forgiven me?" "Certainly I have; otherwise, I could have no communion with God." "And you do not think hardly of me?" "I do not think I ever did."

Then he told her about his Liverpool visit. She listened quietly, but it was another trial that so many weeks had passed, and she had not been told where he was, so she might have gone to him immediately. "Would he be there if I went tomorrow, do you think?" "No, I heard his companion say to him, as the cab drove off, "We must leave Liverpool at once, Frank, or half S. will be down upon us." This is the first day I have been able to see anyone, or you would have known this sooner. "Maybe the Lord spared me the sorrow of going. You have suffered, greatly, Mr. Ellis." "Oh, Mrs. Gray, my punishment seems greater than I can bear. I never want to go into a pulpit to face men again—a soul-murderer, that is what he called me." "Hush! no more in this strain. I beseech you to be calm. You are too ill to deal with the matter yet. Leave yourself in God's hands quietly until you have recovered bodily strength, and then talk to Him about it, and ask Him to order your life."

Then putting aside her own grief at the revelation he had made, she strove to comfort him. "By the blessing of God you may rise from this sick bed a nobler man. Guilty pasts need never cause guilty futures. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' True repentance will lead you to long ardently to lead precious souls away from dangerous paths into the narrow way, which leads to everlasting life. I will pray for you constantly, and when you come back to work at S., I will be your friend. Now you must let me go. I dare not talk to you any longer." "Pray with me first, and ask that the cleansing blood may reach me."

Poor heart, it was almost too full; but she knelt, and as she prayed realized the awful guilt upon the unhappy man's soul. The sin of her prodigal son seemed so much less heinous than the sin of one

who by word and deed had perhaps led many souls astray. In softest tones of exquisite pathos, she earnestly pleaded that the blood of Jesus might cleanse away the crimson stain. He never forgot that prayer throughout his life. When tea was over, she hoped to say good-bye, but he, was too ill to see her again. A short time after, the postman left her a soiled letter, directed to her. Oh, the widow's joy in recognizing the dear handwriting. It was brief: "Don't be alarmed mother. They are bringing me home to die. But listen—it's the old Frank. Get my room ready. Don't meet me. Tell no one."

It would be impossible to describe her feelings. A sweet smile parted her lips as she lifted her eyes, saying "I thank Thee, O Father, for this." Then she lay upon the sofa for a long time, till Hannah, her little servant, who could wait no longer, came in to clear the breakfast things.

She guessed what had happened, but did not scream or rush outside for help. She rubbed the cold hands gently on which her scalding tears fell fast, and said, "Lord Jesus, I'm a rough girl, but make her better with just my seeing to her, because I can see right before me that he's coming tomorrow, and please, Jesus, forgive my reading it." Then the faithful girl wrapped a rug around the cold form, pushed the sofa into the sunlight to warm the still face, and got the scent bottle. In a short time Mrs. Gray opened her eyes, and gave the little maid one of her sweetest smiles. "Please 'em, I've seen all about it, but I'll not speak a word." It's all right, dear Hannah. Clear the things away, and we'll see to getting his room ready." It did not take long, for it had been kept almost ready for so long.

A cab brought Frank Gray home the next evening, and two men carried him up to his bedroom. Dismissing them, she shut the door, and alone with her loved boy, she took the dear wasted face in both her hands, and kissed it again and again as it lay upon the pillow. Then Hannah went across the road for the doctor, who said that her boy could not possibly live many days. "This has been going on some time and he has been shockingly neglected." said the doctor. "God can spare his life if it is His will," she said calmly. "Certainly madam; certainly He can."

Frank Gray rallied a little, and put his hand into his mother's, and said in almost a whisper, "Precious mother! precious mother!" Two days later he told her the glad news that, like the prodigal, he had returned to his Father, and had heard Him say, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." "Praise God," said his mother. "But, O mother, what a wasted life!"

"The past is under the blood," she said. And then to encourage him, she told him of the two lads. It filled him with joy. "Give them my dying love, mother. I am too ill to see them; but, mother, could I see Mr. Ellis?" "No dear; he is away, seriously ill in the country." "Could I just write a line to him?" "Do not try, dear; you are too weak. Let me write what you would say. "Tell him that I fully forgive him, and regret speaking as I did—that his mistaken advice ought not to have led me into sin—that I alone am responsible to God, and that now I am washed in the blood of the Lamb, I shall meet him in heaven."

Towards evening next day, Frank Gray passed peacefully away. "Yes, the cleansing blood has reached even me," were his last words; but the joy in his face was beautiful, and his mother's deep joy at his salvation far exceeded her sorrow at parting from him for "a little while."

When Mr. Ellis received Frank's message and an account of his death, it was the means, in God's hands, of leading him to consecrate himself to God. It lifted a heavy load from the young man's heart, and he felt a deep and holy desire to win souls to Christ, and to faithfully warn them from walking in slippery places, and in roads that lead down to hell.

Reader, are you doing anything that might help to wreck a soul? ■Are you■calling yourself a servant of God—doing the least bit of service for Satan by putting a stumbling-block in somebody's way, and so occasion their fall? If so, beware—You are your brother's keeper, and God requires that you should be faithful to the sacred charge.

W. S.

Simple Faith at 93

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■I enclose a little verse which our dear old sister, Mrs. Simmonds, composed...
■F.E.O.

The Verse

I'm ninety-three, I'm ninety-three,
And soon my Saviour I shall see,
For I believe He died for me,
And that in heaven I shall be,
With Him throughout eternity.
Oh! how I'll praise Him in that day,
For having washed my sins away,
And for His great and wondrous love
That drew my wandering heart above,
And gave me light that I might see
My need of Him, who died for me.
(C. Simmonds, 1923.)

Read Luke 22:7-13

Men as a rule never drink water■always women. I have always thought the man was a servant or possibly slave-he was evidently not the good man of the house or why did our Lord tell them “follow him into the house where he entereth in, and ye shall say to the good man of the house The Master saith unto thee, where is the guest chamber?” My thought has always been that the goodman was a personal friend of our Lord’s who knew of His intention and therefore the room was ready furnished.

What an honor for the humble man with the pitcher to be singled out by our Lord, showing the Lord’s eye is on all faithful toilers, whoever and wherever they may be.

Jesus sent Peter and John from Bethany to Jerusalem appointing them a sign both mysterious and secret, told them on entering the gate they would meet a servant carrying a pitcher of water from one of the fountains for evening use; following him they would reach a house, to the owner of which they were to intimate the intention of the Master to eat the Passover there with His disciples, and this householder would at once place at their disposal a large furnished upper room provided with requisite table and couches.

Some think Joseph of Arimathea was the goodman, others John Mark, but whoever he was he knew and loved to obey Jesus.

Emily P. Leakey.

“Prayer... Availeth Much”

My Indian friend writes of a village he visited. A letter just received says: ■

“It’s one of our out stations; the converts were baptized just a year ago. These converts are poor outcaste people, and they live by beating ‘tom-tom’ to the marriages and deaths in heathen temples, so when they become Christians they refuse to go to the heathen temple to beat ‘tom-tom,’ therefore the heathen of that place (so called high caste people) are persecuting our Christians, threatening them that they will not pay their yearly wages, and sorry to say that one of our Christians in that place was beaten by these men for not serving their heathen temple. Oh! praise the Lord that these young Christians are giving good testimony in their village, but they need teaching the Scriptures. On this day a number of converts requested me to give a Holy Tamil Bible to each. Our country is changing, and they do not care for religion, and they want home rule (i.e., heathen rule). We Christians are enjoying our freedom under the British... and if ever the heathen get the power they will persecute us. Now I request you to pray for us, in this time of trouble and trial... We have another thought about starting a Bible class of our own, as we do not wish to send our candidates to the other seminaries, as they teach all sorts, and it is a dangerous position for our workers. I have my own Bible class,”

“Pray one for another.” A. A. L.

The “Royal Charter”

The following story was often used by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, illustrating the thought of a person being almost to the point of salvation and then lost:

The “Royal Charter” had been around the world and was at last homeward bound. She had reached Queenstown, and then sailed for Liverpool; the message was telegraphed to Liverpool that she was almost home. Dr. William M. Taylor, a great New York preacher, was then in Liverpool as pastor, and the wife of the first mate of the “Royal Charter” was a member of his church. You may remember that the “Royal Charter” never came into Liverpool. An officer of my church told me that he waited on the dock all night, straining his eyes to catch a first glimpse of the vessel. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool was there. Bands of musicians and thousands of people waited to give her a welcome home. But the “Royal Charter” never came in. She went down in the night with almost all on board. They came to Dr. Taylor, and said, “Will you go and tell the wife of the first mate?” So he started off to tell her. As he laid his hand upon the doorbell the door flew open, and a little girl sprang out, crying “Oh, Dr. Taylor, I thought it was my papa. He is coming home today.” The preacher said he felt like an executioner as he walked into the house. He found the table laid for breakfast, and the wife of the first mate stepped forward, her face shining, as she said, “Dr. Taylor, this is indeed a privilege, and if you will wait a little while, perhaps you will sit at our table with us, for my husband was on the ‘Royal Charter,’ and he is coming home.”

Dr. Taylor says he looked at her a moment, while he steadied himself and held on to a near-by chair and then said, “Poor woman, your husband will never come home. The ‘Royal Charter’ went down last night, and your husband is lost.” He says that she threw her hands to her head, staggered, for a moment, and then fell, and as she fell she cried, “Oh, my God, so near home and lost.” Yes, and some of you are as near home as that. Near by a mother is pleading; near by the minister’s preaching. You are almost in. God will keep you from rejecting Him. How far one may go towards home and still fall away! Some who harden their hearts are suddenly cut off.

The Dying Heathen Girl

“Father,” said a dying heathen girl, “Father, where am I going? What lies before me in the darkness? Oh, father, I am frightened. Help me! Help me!”

“My little girl,” groaned the stricken man, “I cannot tell. There are other lives beyond, though the body decays in the grave, but■”

“Oh father, are they happy lives? Or shall I suffer there? Can you not give me hope? What do your books say? Tell me! Help me!”

But he knew nothing more. Not even his love for his dying child could pierce the impenetrable pall shrouding so much mystery and terror.

And in the darkness the slender fingers tightened upon the father’s hand till they grew cold in death.

The message of hope reached that father, and he found rest; but the child of his love had passed out into the dark because of the indifference, the heartlessness of the Christian Church.

The Marked Text

“Isabel, this is the key of your mother’s wardrobe,” said a father to his motherless daughter, and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. “Take it, and at your leisure, look over your sainted mother’s things. You are at an age now to value them.”

With these words the father, a great scholar and “bookworm,” left the room.

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother’s possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a pale, sweet lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was in heaven; and, as she looked on the long-unused things, she yearned to have that fair mother by her side, for she was often lonely and cheerless.

Suddenly Isabel came on a well-worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once about the middle, the place being marked by a bunch of dry and colorless flowers. She saw at once that it was a small Bible, and that it opened at a place where was a verse strongly marked in red ink. That verse was, “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted”; and by the side was written, “My little motherless Isabel.”

“It is almost like my mother speaking to me from the dead,” Isabel said solemnly; “she must have known I should find this someday,” and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

The young mother had known that some time her daughter would probably find those words watered by her dying prayers. And richly God answered those prayers, for that well-worn Bible soon became her child’s greatest treasure. From it she learned the plan of salvation, and from it she drew heavenly comfort and joy that lighted up and brightened her solitary life. So true is it that “The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever.” (Isa. 11:8.)

Prospect Row Sunday School

Through the kindness of Dr. H. Wreford, of Exeter, 130 pocket Testaments have been distributed to the scholars, who are eager to have them. It is a cheering sight at the evening service to see the children all over the meeting following the scripture reading from their own Testaments. Who can measure the result of getting the Word of God into these homes? ■From a Friend.

No Middle Ground

The Contrast: ■

“The Faith once for all delivered unto the saints.”|Modernist Theology.|

1. The Bible is the Word of God. The Book judges man.
 2. Jesus Christ is the Son of God in a sense in which no other is.
 3. The birth of Jesus Christ was supernatural.
 4. The death of Jesus was expiatory.
 5. Man is the product of special creation.
 6. Man is a sinner fallen from original righteousness and apart from God's redeeming grace is hopelessly lost.
 7. Man is justified by faith in the atoning blood of Christ; result supernatural regeneration from above. |1. The Bible contains the word of God. Man judges the book.
2. Jesus Christ is a Son of God in the sense in which all men are.
 3. The birth of Jesus Christ was natural.
 4. The death of Jesus was exemplary.
 5. Man is the product of evolution.
 6. Man is the unfortunate victim of environment, but through self-culture can “make good.”
 7. Man is justified by works in following Christ's example; result, natural development from within.|

A Letter from Africa

Africa.

Dear Sir, ■Will you kindly forward me a small Testament as I am in great need of one? I am being drawn into greater temptation every day. Will you also send one on to me for a chum who is bedridden, and who has never heard of God. So I think it would do him a world of good, him being a soldier like myself. ■Your faithful boy,

A. K. M.

One Request from Those who Love Christ

We want to pay at once for 12,000 Testaments to place on our shelves. The price will be £175. We are faced with increasing demands for the Word of God; and how needful to send it, so that its blessed light may shine from God for God, all over the world dark with awful sin. Any gifts may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford,

The Firs, Denmark Road, Exeter.

The Ways of God

By the Editor

To My Readers

I DO thank God with all my heart for the hundreds of encouraging letters I get from all parts of the world. I have been suffering from fatigue of the nerves of my hand, and that has prevented me from answering many letters personally oftentimes, but I see them all, and thank God for them. I am getting better of this, and hope soon to be a better correspondent.

Our great need is Testaments — and we do not send them out until we have paid for them—so there are many vacant places on our shelves waiting until the Lord inclines the hearts of His servants to fill all our shelves to overflowing.

We want to feel more and more the personal interest of Christ in all we do. It must rejoice His heart to see His Word, going to preach His gospel, in all parts of the earth.

We believe in the full inspiration of the Bible from cover to cover. It is the only antidote for the sin that is flooding the world today—awful sin — terrible sin. It is the only light to shed heaven's brightness upon the darkness of a doomed world. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light." The smoking furnace of Mt. Etna, and the tides of lava, flowing down its riven sides, tell in their destructive power of the coming day of doom that shall overwhelm the whole world — not villages merely■but the seas and shores, continents and islands of the whole universe. Ten thousand flaming Etnas shall then hurl forth the wrath of God upon the earth■then shall the day of the Lord come as a thief in the night, "when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

And in the day of God the heaven being on fire shall be dissolved, and the element "shall melt with fervent heat."

There is no stability in a flaming world, no solid foundation for any when all shall be shaken. None shall stand in the great day of His wrath. No dancing then, no cinema shows or theaters, no infidel then to hurl his defiance to the skies, no so-called Christians then to shadow the Deity of the Lord Jesus by saying He was fallible in His utterances, no blasphemous hand then to tear the Word of the Living God to pieces. All will be judged by the One they dare to judge now, and the Word they

desecrate with their unbelief will be their condemnation then. Tremble then ye so-called men of God—your god is your own conceit. You have challenged the Almighty to prove that His Word is true, and this two-edged sword will be your executioner in that day. God wants faithful, believing men to work for Him today — He has no use for traitors who deny or limit His Son and His Word, nor for those who uphold them in their blasphemy.

Dance! Dance! Dance!

Heedless of warnings and entreaties in every shape and form. Like men of old in Napoleon's victorious army, on entering into Moscow they found it empty. The Russians had fired the city or left others to do it after the French had entered. But they must have a ball despite the flames. The dance began. Soon the news reached them, the place is on fire. They heed it not, so engrossed are they in their sinful pleasures. Soon another cry is raised, the magazine is on fire. This seemed to reach some hearts—a dead silence prevailed. Many grew deadly pale at the thought of instant death.

A young officer named Carson, emboldened by Satan, raised his jeweled hand and exclaimed, "One more dance, and defiance to the flames!" As if inspired afresh by his words, they forgot their awful position on the brink of hell, and danced, danced on to the music of the band within, and the crackling of the flames without. The magazine exploded and swept all the dancers into eternity, from the ballroom floor into hell in a moment of time to wail the wail of the lost forever.

So runs the account of the unhappy fate of pleasure lovers in bygone days. But in those days it was never imagined that the dance was the means of salvation from sin and its penalty, but now it is being introduced into so-called churches by men who take the name of being ministers of the Gospel. One minister in New York has introduced dancing into his church as a means to attract people to the service. And now he is followed by another in Seattle, who is going to try the dance in his church.

Men who do not know the power of the Gospel in their own lives cannot preach it. They are unable to say, like the Apostle Paul, "I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received." (1 Cor. 15:1-4.) How can they tell of its keeping and saving power. So they introduced the dance.

Yes, dance on, but a lost eternity awaits you, if God does not bring you to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ before the day of grace is over. If they would preach, repent! repent! repent! they would have larger congregations, and more money to carry on the work. They would find it still true of those who believe the Gospel, "They first gave themselves to the Lord and unto us by the will of God." (2 Cor. 8:5.)

Look at those who have the Gospel, and are born again. Some were Mary Magdalenes and Sauls of Tarsus in measure, but see how they spend their money and their time now in trying to bring others to Christ, and seeking to adorn the doctrine by a holy life. They were once in the mad and frantic dance; they went whirling round and round the mouth of the burning pit!

Another and another and another plunge, shrieking into the abyss that stops not the dance which drowns the lost ones. In louder music and giddier whirl they dance on as little deterred by the fate of their fellows as the moths or flies on an autumn evening dash one upon another into the flames of the lamp, and fall to rise no more. They desire to fly once more, but though they have the desire, the ability is gone forever.

Will you wait, dear reader, till the day of grace is gone? Surely not! Now is the day of salvation. "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bare it." (Prov. 9:12.) Yes, "If thou be wise!" you will turn to Christ this very moment,, and say, "Lord save me, I perish"; but, "if thou scornest thou alone shalt bare it!"

These are the words of the wisest man that ever lived. Take his advice today and "Repent ye, therefore and be converted that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts 3:19.) Reader, do you scorn another warning? Beware, Listen to the solemn words, "Thou alone shalt bear it." Yes, when no pitying eye shall look upon you. Alone! though many may be in the same plight as yourself. Alone! you will bear your impenitent doom in the Lake of Fire! (Rev. 20:15, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and "never shall be." (Mark 9:44, 46, 48.) "Salted with fire." Yes, read and understand, yes, preserved by the very fire which you fain would consume you, but, no, the awful reality at last realized. Exist thou must, yes, forever exist; but existence is forever "salted by fire." (Mark 9:49.)

Repent, beloved reader, ere it is too late. Believe the Gospel that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day." (1 Cor. 15:4.) "By which also ye will be saved." Yes, saved to praise and adore your loving, loving Saviour world without end. But if ye rebel, what a fate awaits you!

"Descend, O sinner to thy woe,
Thy day of hope is done,
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dreams is o'er,
Love reaches not you awful shore,
Forever sets they sun.
"Pass down to the eternal dark,
Yet not for rest nor sleep,
Thine is the everlasting tomb,
Thine the inexorable doom,
The moonless, mornless, sunless gloom,
Where souls forever weep.
"Thy songs are at an end, thy harp
Shall solace thee no more,
All mirth has perished at thy grave,
The melody that could not save
Has died upon death's sullen wave

That flung thee on this shore.”

From Horatius Bonar’s “Lost Soul.”

A. H. S.

“Accepted in the Beloved”

One cold, rainy, winter afternoon I came from work and went up into the little bedroom to see how my darling was. Sitting there by her side, and knowing how ill she was, I asked her if she was afraid to go, and she said, ■

“Oh no; I am not afraid of going the way Jesus went■to the place to which Jesus has gone.”

Then I told her how Jesus would receive her, and how I loved her, and how sweet, and meek, and beautiful she had always been: and she said softly and sweetly, that that gave her no comfort, but quite the contrary; that it made her happy to know I thought she was all this, but she could not think it of herself. And she asked if I remembered that text, “Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee” (Isa. 43:4.)

Then she said, “I know I am precious, but it is because Jesus thinks so. You know, father,” she continued, “I don’t see these things as you see them. It is my infinite Saviour who comforts me; He takes me just as I am. I have given up even wishing I was better. I cannot think myself good, but I am precious in His sight, and so I am honorable, and He loves me!”

How I remember all these words of my sweet Polly! But they came very slowly through her quick breathing. I remember I tucked the bed-clothes round her, for she said she was very cold. Then she said it was very dark, but she would not let me leave her to get a candle; and the room was dark, although I remember the moon was just rising, and shining through the boughs of the wintry trees just outside her little room. Suddenly she started up in bed, laid her dear, little, beautiful head on my shoulder, and said■

“It’s all light now, father—no candle, no light of the sun!”

I tried to take her hand in mine, it was so cold, and she murmured, “Dear father— precious in My sight■thou hast been honorable■Jesus, Jesus■precious in Thy sight—precious!” And her head fell back■my darling little daughter was a lump of cold clay. Ah! do you not say in your inmost heart, May my last end be like this?

You may think it unlikely, yet it is quite within your reach. You have but to believe in Jesus Christ■that He came into the world with the wonderful purpose of redeeming your sinful soul—of making you, who are “dead in trespasses and sins,” honorable, lovely, pure, holy.

Come to this wondrous Saviour who so loves you. Come in all your vileness. He is willing to wash you clean in His precious blood. Yes, come; just as you are. Nothing in the world that you can do can make you the least bit better, so there is no use in putting it off. Accept Him at once as your Saviour and Lord. Do not foolishly resist with that proud heart of yours. Let His great eternal love draw you, and you will never repent your choice.

“Come now, and let us reason together, said the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isa. 1:18.)

You are so precious in God's sight that He did not spare Christ's all-precious blood to save you.

Grudge not, then, to take such love, and give your little all in return, a heart full of love and gratitude for this, His "unspeakable gift."

Cheyne Brady.

The Preciousness of Jesus

“Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.”■(1 Peter 1:8.)

As is the glory of an object, the worth of an object, the rarity of an object, the usefulness of an object, its possession must be important, and a glimpse of it much to be desired. Now Christ embodies all these in Himself, and infinitely more; and therefore, to possess Him, to perceive Him, to catch a glimpse of Him, must be a favor indeed. True it is, myriads possess Him not, love Him not; but this makes Him all the more precious to those who do perceive, love, and possess Him. Christ is a rare jewel, but men know not His value■a sun which ever shines, but men perceive not His brightness, nor walk in His light. He is a garden full of sweets, a hive full of honey, a sun without a spot, a star ever bright, a fountain ever full, a brook which ever flows, a rose which ever blooms, foundation which never yields, a guide who never errs, a friend who never forsakes. No mind can fully grasp His glory; His beauty, His worth, His importance, no tongue can fully declare. He is the source of all good, the fountain of every excellency, the mirror of perfection, the light of heaven, the wonder of earth, time’s masterpiece and eternity’s glory: the sun of bliss, the way of life, and life’s fair way. He is all together lovely, says the saint; a morning without clouds, a day without night, a rose without a thorn; His lips drop like the honeycomb, His eyes beam tenderness, His heart gushes love. The Christian is fed by His hands, carried in His heart, supported by His arm, nursed in His bosom, guided by His eye, instructed by His lips, warmed by His love — His wounds are his life, His smile the light of his path, the health of his soul, his rest and heaven below.

Hast thou had a glimpse of Jesus, Reader? Remember He must be seen here by faith, ere heaven is possessed. Wouldst thou see Him■then ask for faith, for faith is the eye by which His beauty is seen, and the stronger thy faith, the clearer thy sight. Is something of Jesus’ beauty seen while yet thy choice lingers between Him and the world? Listen to Him, “Hearken, O daughter, consider and incline thy ear, forget also thy own people and thy father’s house; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty, for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.” Art thou waiting upon Him, praying to see more, feel more, do more? He speaks kindly to thee, “Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.”

“If earthly glimpses, Lord, of Thee,

Such happiness impart,

What must the full fruition be,

To know Thee as Thou art?”

W. P. B.

Ashamed of Her Mother

Some years ago there was a fire in a house in America. In one of the rooms a babe was lying. It was an awful risk to attempt to reach the child, but one took it, and that one the baby's own mother. Rescuing her, she bore her away through smoke and flame, so sacrificing her own beauty in the attempt that always after would she have to go through life a maimed and disfigured woman. Years after, that daughter was entertaining some school friends, when a woman with a drawn and scarred face passed through the room. But the daughter did not introduce her to her friends, nor did she linger. After she had gone, one of the girl friends asked, "Who was that terrible-looking person who came in just now?" "Oh," said the daughter, "that was our charwoman." She was ashamed to own her mother, who had sacrificed her beauty to save her!

Rev. T. Hireson.

The Convicts

Not long ago the writer was staying for a few days near a town called Princetown. It is situated in the very beautiful district of Dartmoor, and is visited by thousands on their holidays every year. But there are others who go there, not willingly, but to serve long sentences of imprisonment for crimes which they have committed. There is a large convict prison there.

It is very rarely that anyone attempts to escape from that prison. When the prisoners go to work in the fields they are in the charge of warders with loaded rifles, while telephones are installed in all the fields so that the authorities soon hear if any prisoner attempts to get away. Occasionally however, in spite of all the precautions taken, a particularly daring prisoner does contrive to escape, but it is not long before he is re-captured or is forced by hunger and cold to give himself up. There is no food or shelter to be obtained for them on the lonely moor that stretches for miles in every direction. So that when an unhappy man is sent to Princetown he knows that he must serve his sentence to the end, and that there is little comfort or joy for him until it is over.

As I was thinking of these men in their misery, something like this seemed to come before me as in a dream. There busily at work in the fields was a gang of prisoners, the warders keeping close watch over them with rifles ready.

Presently a stranger drew near to them, and the warders seemed to recognize him as one who had authority over them. I wondered who this could be, for the visitors on their holidays often shun the prisoners, but this man began to talk with them one by one. I wish I could tell you how gently and lovingly he spoke to them, laying his hand on their shoulders and his face beaming with kindness as he looked into theirs. I drew near to hear what he could have to say to these desperate men—and what a gracious message it was!

“I saw your unhappy state, my friend, and took pity on you,” he was saying. “It was not easy to do, but at last I have secured a pardon for you, and you need never go back to the prison again. You are free. The warder will let you go. Just drop your tools and come with me, and I will see that you are happy once more. If ever you are tempted to do wrong again—come straight to me. I will help you to overcome.”

As I heard his kind words, I expected to see the hardened faces of the men change from wonder and surprise to gratitude and joy, when they realized what a true and great friend had found them out. But I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the different answers he received. One would not hear him out, but started to complain of the injustice of his being there at all and he wanted no pardon. Another was quite content with his lot—he had enough to eat and drink and a roof over his head, and would rather stay where he was. Another went on with his work without heeding the loving words, and as the stranger went sadly to the next he contemptuously turned his back on the one who was so real a friend. Some said they would think it over, and others insulted the good man. It was only one or two who thankfully believed what was told them, and found how true was their friend’s love to them as they left the prison forever, with shouts of joy in his company.

It does not need many words to explain this story. It is a feeble illustration of something very wonderful and true. Everyone who reads this is either like the prisoner who did, or the one who did not believe his friend. The Friend is the Lord Jesus Christ. The prisoners you and I, all alike guilty before God and condemned for it. Yet the Lord Jesus had compassion on us and “when we were without strength,... Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. 5:6). It was no easy thing to secure a pardon for us guilty ones, but “God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Rom. 5:8.) Will you not believe the One Who has such a wonderful message for you? He may not come to you again, and there is no hope of escape from the punishment we so richly deserve except through the Lord Jesus Christ. L. H.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,

He leadeth me beside the still waters.”

“Trust”

The following was given me in a letter from a beloved: friend abroad of one she knows well, a widow and her little girl six years old, returning home in a crowded motor bus: ■

“Suddenly, a taxi in full speed met the bus, showing the powerful lights, which completely baffled the busman’s vision for a brief second or two. In God’s merciful providence, a most awful accident was averted; but the bus had an amount of luggage and one passenger swept off into the road. There was tense anxiety in the bus. Suddenly a clear childish voice rang out: “Oh, Mummie, Mummie, dear, quick, ask God not to let there be an accident. I have asked Him, and you must ask Him, too.” Then she heard someone say that the boy was knocked off and lying in the road. The boy happened to be one of their farm hands, and a special friend of Ruth’s. With a great sob, and streaming eyes, she said: “Quick, Mummie, ask Jesus not to let Bob be killed.” A man in the same bus, with a supercilious smile said: “My dear, be quiet, you, are worrying your mother.” She replied sweetly: “Mummie is not worried, she is asking God with me about things.” Then she ceased to cry, and the man said: “You seem to be quite happy now.” “Because I know Jesus has heard, and Bob won’t die.”

Begin the New Song Now

What is the new song? Where is it sung? Who are they who will sing it? This is a song of praise to the Lamb of God, sung in the glory of His Presence. It is sung by those He has redeemed by His precious blood. It is a “new song” because it adds this note of redemption to the song and alleluias of the angels. Their song must be marvelously sweet and beautiful.

“But of the myriads round the throne

The ransomed multitude alone,

Prolong the choral strain.

With boundless joy they sweep the strings

And thus each blood-bought sinner sings,

‘The Lamb for us was slain.’”

The angels have not sinned, they do not need forgiveness. The “new song” is not for them. But each one washed white in the blood of the Lamb, may look forward to singing that new song. Worthy is the Lamb, for He has redeemed us.”

Need we wait for the great coming day? Surely not. Even now, though weakly and unworthily, we can begin the new song. So, a dear old village schoolmistress thought. Standing in her little garden, when the bees hummed over the white pinks, in the sunshine, a friend quoted to old Mary, the first words of Psa. 40, “He brought me up out of a horrible pit... and set my feet upon a rock.” The old woman, not content to leave it thus, looked quickly up with expressive intelligence in her eyes, and added, “and hath put a new song in my mouth.” No, indeed, that must not be left out! There was the Rock to stand upon, that was Safety. There must be something more, even Joy and Praise to the Great Deliverer.

The “new song” should begin now. Have we begun to sing it?

Margaret Esdaile.

A Letter From a Chaplain

I bought a great quantity of large Bibles, and not knowing how best to dispose of them, I waited upon God, and He led me to send them all to the chaplain of "The Missions to Seamen." They went by rail in two boxes, and a few days after I received the following letter: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, — Ever so many thanks for the two boxes of Bibles Which arrived today. They are most valuable, and will serve as Scriptures in our Institutes at F. and P. ■also afloat in cabins and forecastles. Be assured we shall make a good use of them and may the Lord greatly bless the distribution.

This is the finest haul of Holy Writ I have received during my 31 years' ministry here ■renewed thanks, ■Yours most gratefully,

C.A.W.

Thank God they are to be scattered abroad, and read on land and on the seas.

The Black Cloth

Are we not told in Matt. 5 that you are to “let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven”? Mind, dear reader, it is to glorify your Father, not you. No, let us hide ourselves in His righteousness and let Him shine through us. I am just thinking of a dear lady who is depressed because she is suffering pain of body, although there is no doubt about it, that she is the Lord’s dear child and daily serving and glorifying Him. Perhaps she is only on the Black Cloth for a time, to show her brightness to let others see the shining. Do you know if you were to go into a jeweler’s shop and ask to see a certain jewel, he will not bring a gold dish or a silver plate to put the jewel on to show you, but a Black Cloth, and then you will see the precious stone sparkle and you will rejoice; and so dear afflicted friend if you are on the Black Cloth of illness, or sorrow, or distress, shine, shine out to glorify your Father in heaven.

Emily P. Leakey.

Children Taught to Renounce God

“England who loves her children, listen to our appeal on behalf of our children,” is a cry from Petrograd. The writer goes on to say: ■

“Hundreds of them are daily dying of hunger, neglect, and infectious diseases. The death-rate is so appalling that an elderly reliable physician could not be induced to name the exact figure. He turned away to hide his feelings and motioned the questioner out of the room. But death is not the worst, it may even be a deliverance from the hands of those who murder souls as well as bodies. Children■masses of them■are bribed by specially good food (most rare in these hard times), by flattery, over-indulgence, theaters, dancing, and other similar attractions to renounce God, never utter His name, never pray, never go anywhere they can hear about Him, except in blasphemy. Imagine a large company of children gathered on a fete day in front of one of the palaces, emptied of its owners, listening to the following speech: ■ “Dear children, we have called you together to tell you that now everything is yours. You are the masters and have a right to all you see.,. You can take, use, do whatever you like, and need not at all mind stealing, for you can always leave off.” (Exact words used.)

The Condition of the Schools

The former superintendents and teachers in large government, and private girls', and boarding schools, established many years ago and conducted on principles of order, propriety, and good solid teaching, have after almost a lifetime of faithful service, been turned away homeless and penniless, and replaced by the tools and slaves of some uneducated youngster, who is put at the head of everything, although often hardly able to sign his own name. These schools now are mixed, morals indescribable, literature of the worst kind distributed amongst the girls and boys, no supervision, no restraint, no religion, proper teaching set aside, and dancing put in its place.

What can respectable parents do but take their children away and leave them without education rather than let their souls and bodies be ruined? “Take them away at once!” was a godly mother’s firm decision, as she spoke of her two pure girls 13 and 14 years of age. Poor mother! She did not yet know about the latest decree just issued by which parents have no right to keep their children at home! Communistic schools are to take them, keep them, educate them according to their views, and lest any should escape, babies will be taken from their mothers directly after their birth! “Hail the doing away with home life and parental rule!” This is the last triumphant cry! Mothers of England, can you hear that, and not care?”

Our Appeal for Children

Dear Friends, ■ Pray oh! pray for the children of Russia, there is terrible need in England also on behalf of the children in England. Some of the letters from Head Masters and Mistresses of Council Schools and from the children themselves are very pitiful.

A lady writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ Enclosed please find 5/- for your work amongst the children. It is sad reading about the "Proletarian Schools." May our gracious Heavenly Father overrule this device of Satan and bring much blessing through these Testaments."

The Word; the World's Need

Walthamstow.

Dear Mr. Wreford, ■Enclosed please find small gift towards the Lord's work in your hands.

If there is anything the world needs today, it is the Word, and may the Lord richly bless your labors in the distribution of same. With love in the Risen Head. ■S.D.I.

Our Great Desire

Our great desire is to continue this work of sending His Word far and wide all over the world.

We shall indeed be glad of your continued sympathy and prayers. The need is everywhere. The demand for Testaments increases. It is a good service to the Lord Jesus in these last days to help to send His Word to the young and to the old.

All gifts of Testaments or the means to procure them may be sent to ■ Dr. Heyman Wreford.

The Ways of God

By the Editor

THE articles that have been published in the Message, this year especially, have brought me a host of friends, whose sympathetic interest in the work has been beyond all price.

If God allows me to be encouraged in this way, I praise His name a lady writes to me ■

Dear Sir, — I enclose check for £3 in gratitude for your work, leading so many to salvation.”

Another writes: ■

Beloved in Christ, ■ It was laid upon my heart as to whether I should forward a thank-offering or not, but on coming to business this morning, I found your booklet awaiting me, and it was truly “A Message from God” to which I joyfully respond, and I enclose a check for £1 in His name, and pray still further blessing may attend the distribution of the infallible word, of God (until He come). With Christian love and greetings, ■ Yours through Grace, F.B.

Dear Dr. ■ Thanks very much for your past love in sending me parcels. I may cheer you, and give cause for all to praise God for blessing on your book, “What is there after Death?” A young man spoke in our Swansea open-air meeting of being led to the Saviour by the reading of same last week. Praise the Lord!

“Our times are in Thy Hand.” The ever-changing developments of the chequered surface of life, and they are in His hand. There is something very calming in this thought or verse: ■

“Never can the threads of our life slip out of His hand,”

The coming, the unknown, lies already safe and certain there.” The enclosed £3 to help on the great, good work. ■ Yours in the blessed hope, ■ D.T.B.

The Love of the Aged for our Work

Most touching are many letters we get from those who are very near the close of life's journey. I will print a few as I know they will cause many to rejoice and to praise God.

"Dear Dr. Wreford," writes one: "I have pleasure in sending you my small contribution of 5/- towards your splendid work. I give, away your "Message from God," and value it for myself, but being 87 years old, and suffering much, can do nothing more than pray and trust. ■Yours sincerely, E.P."

Another dear saint writes: ■

Dear Mr. Wreford. ■I have enclosed a P.O. for three shillings for the sowing of the precious seed of the Gospel of Christ, as you are led by the Holy Spirit. My dear wife and sister are now in the glory with Him they loved, and I am getting very near the end of my journey; eighty-four last birthday. I am waiting for His coming, or He may call me through the sleep of death. He has not left me alone. He has given me a dear daughter to look after me. I have His promise, "I will never forsake you." I am waiting to see Him, and more to be like Him. Ah! what a blessed to be waiting for. ■Yours in Christ Jesus. R.W.

The Saint's Rest

Mrs. E. wrote me in January, in her own trembling handwriting, saying: ■

Dear Dr. Heyman Wreford, — I am sending you 10s. as a thank-offering to my heavenly Father for His goodness in sparing me to see my 87th birthday, and to be able to go and come, and do for myself. Hoping you are well, with love from your sister in Christ. ■E. E.

P.S.■All I can do is to give a few tracts away.

The Rest Near

In March her niece writes for her, as she dictates, this letter: ■

I am sending you 10s. towards your “book fund,” and please have you the leaflet “Getting ready to Move?” I sent to the printer, but could not get any. I have been ill in bed six weeks with a very bad cough. — E. E.

Last Letter; At Home

April.

Dear Sir, — I am writing to inform you of the death of our Mrs. E —, which took place on April 17th. It was her wish that I should send this 10s. note to you, which I hope you will get safe. Please reply to me, as I am the niece who has been living with her for 16 years. — With kind regards, E. R.

An Old Saint's Gift and Why He Gave It

Birmingham.

Dear Sir, ■Some few months ago, I sent for a parcel. Perhaps you may remember, an old man gave me the money. (I mention the fact, because you deal no doubt with so many). I thank God and yourself for that parcel. We were delighted with it. Most of the Testaments found their way into Sunday School, given to poor children whose parents could not afford to buy one; so, God willing they will do great service.

Now this same old Christian has brought me another 5s. It may interest you to know that he found our Saviour at the age of 72. Being old, he feels he cannot do much work for the Master. He is poor and cannot work for himself, but he has great faith in your tracts, because one given to him helped him wonderfully. He is growing in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour, and I can assure you, your tract helped to do it. Enclosed please find P.O. and may God's richest blessing rest upon all your efforts. ■Yours in His glad bonds, (Mrs.) R. H.

Giving Hoarded Gold

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■ I thank God for putting it into my heart to send you a little of my hoarded gold. He gave His Only Begotten Son, and believing in Him, everlasting life. Words fail to utter the great things the Lord has done for me throughout life's journey. On May 5th if still a pilgrim, I shall reach my four-score years. I am enjoying wonderful health. Converted at 18, I have read my Bible 60 years. Praise God, it has become the joy and rejoicing of my heart, more than any necessary food. "Oh, how I love Thy law." What a debtor to grace I am?... Dear Dr., the Lord bless you yet more and more in His own way. Fellowship in prayer is my chief business, for the work and the workers. "A Message from God," is a most precious little magazine, a help and blessing to many. I read it and pass it on, with the enclosed paper. ■ Yours ever in Christ Jesus, M. C. B.

The Place

Heb. 4:14,16; St. John 14:13,14; Heb. 11:6.

There is a place where thou canst touch the eyes

Of blinded men to instant, perfect sight,

There is a place where thou canst say, "Arise!"

To dying captives, bound in chains of might;

There is a place where thou canst reach the store

Of hoarded gold and free it for the Lord;

There is a place—upon some distant shore■

Where thou canst send the worker and the Word;

There is a place where heaven's resistless power

Responsive moves to thine insistent plea;

There is a place—a silent trusting hour■

Where God Himself descends and fights for thee.

Where is that blessed place — dost thou ask "Where?"

O, soul, it is the secret place of prayer.

Adelaide A. Pollard.

An Old Age Pensioner's Gift

Dear Dr. Heyman Wreford, ■Once again I am permitted to send you a little for your work for God. You will please find enclosed 40s. Could wish it was more, but regret to tell you am still in failing health, and probably this may be the last remittance I may be enabled to send for the good work; "He knows." I am now in receipt of old age pension, 10s. weekly, but that is not sufficient to cover my weekly requirements, as I am quite unable to do anything now, owing to acute rheumatism, which causes me to be unable to walk, yet the dear Lord knows our needs and wants, and is acquainted with all our ways and will supply all that we really need. Praise His name! I hope you are keeping better in health, having recovered from your later attack. The Lord bless and keep you in all your ways and doings, and may you have a bright sunset if He tarries long. With warmest Christian greetings, may He abundantly bless your devoted work and labor of love for His sake, and all concerned, and your fellow workers too. ■ Yours in Christian bonds and a sister in fellowship (Miss) L. McL.

“In My 85th Year”

London.

Dear Sir, ■I thank you for the “Message from God.” I believe it is right to carry out what the Lord Jesus Christ says: “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” I believe the Testaments and tracts sent abroad will do good. I was born in Devon and have been living in London 67 years. I am living near Brockwell Park, and there are men that go in the park on the Sunday who do not believe, and who are endeavoring to lead others astray. If you will send me a few of your papers, I will give them away. It may be doing good, and when they get converted they will be led to tell other men and women what God has done for them. That is my experience. I am now in my 85th year. ■W. P. F.

To My Friends

I have introduced you in these letters to the glory side of our work. You can read in them what communion of saints means in the Master's work. The uplifting power of prayer is in these letters; voices that speak to God have spoken to us from God, and we have been gladdened and strengthened as we read them. Ah! that I could let you read the volumes of these letters that have come to us.

Thank you, dear friends, young and old, rich and poor, who have held up our hands while we have sought to combat the awful determination of Satan to wreck Christian lives, and to make men deny the "Father and the Son."

A dear Christian has said, "One thing is awfully certain, namely, that one moment in eternity will completely revolutionize the thoughts of all the infidels, and atheists, and modernists, that have ever raved or written against the Bible and its Author."

As long as God allows us, and the saints of God help us, we shall continue this work which He has richly owned and blessed; and although trouble and affliction have come to us in many ways we can say:■

In love He has afflicted■

In mercy sent the rod;

But it has made us humble,

And brought us nearer God.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

“Brown’s Log”

(A true copy of a convict’s diary, given by himself to one of Mrs. Meredith’s workers many years ago. Brown was a quiet little ticket-of-leave man, and a regular attendant at the Gospel Services in connection with the Prison Mission.)

August 3rd — Got aboard ship. The day hot, and the men meltin’ down to sore anger at havin’ to stand so long in the sun.

4th ■ We are hauling up the anchor, and we don’t like it. I am mated with Philips, a man as has a bad name. He has been uncommon kind since we come on board, and has showed me a knife he has in secret.

5th — Dreadful sick.

6th — Don’t think of nothing.

7th ■ I hate ‘em all.

8th — Got the bucket of water down on me in bed, and think it was Philips. Don’t say nothing.

9th ■ He done it along of that knife.

10th ■ That knife will ruin us.

11th ■ My mind’s made up. I’ll filch it from him.

12th ■ The weather is better.

13th — I am able to get about; so is Philips.

14th ■ Paper to write letters, books to read, and needles and thread to stitch our clothes is served out.

15th ■ Gambling is what we like.

16th ■ Noise, swearin’, and fightin’, goes on here.

17th ■ Superintendent has shut all up, and punished a many. I wish he’d kill us all, and put an end to us; we’re so wretched and miserable. There is not one as don’t hate the rest, and want to get rid of him and of everybody.

18th ■ The world is bad on land; it’s worse on sea. You can’t get out of each other’s way in a ship.

19th ■ Philips is forever talking of that knife. I wish I could lay my fingers on it.

20th ■ There’s a many here as would like to make a slit in the ship’s timbers, and sink her, and go down to hell in her.

21st ■ I am cut with Philip’s knife, he having a fight with me.

22nd ■ Seeing the blood, I'm falsely accused of wounding myself.

23rd ■ Superintendent examines into the thing. Philips is found out.

24th ■ Philips in irons.

25th ■ Improvement classes begin.

26th ■ Men rioting because we don't like lessons.

27th ■ All the teaching is how to make money and get rich.

28th ■ I don't believe as we ever can; for we won't help each other to work, though we have done it to help one another to rob.

29th ■ How can Phillips and me work together? Moreover, we'd cut each other's throat.

30th ■ Was at class. Schoolmaster forgot his book, and one of the men handed him a Bible. It was a hint. Old man took it and read off a chapter. It was cooling. No noise. We was frightened.

31st ■ A storm.

September 1st ■ Everything is dashing about that ain't tied. We're in a dreadful state.

2nd ■ Nothing but awful times.

3rd ■ We're going to be lost. Some likes it!

4th ■ The only sound I heard all night was the schoolmaster's chapter. All the blowing, and the tossing, and the roaring, and the wetting, and the misery, did not stun it out of my ears. I heard it over and over again, for it has got into my heart, and won't go out. There it is, turn and twist as I will. I am just full of it, and no mistake. No one but me remembers it. I've asked a many as heard as well as me what it was about, and they don't know. Surprising that I should think so much about it!

5th ■ More than ever full of the schoolmaster's chapter. I have now a Bible all to myself, and I must read it.

6th ■ I fell asleep with the book on my knee, and when I woke I had dreamed that I was in Jerusalem, and had got somehow inside their great Temple there. Standing in a big open place, like a market square, I saw a great lot of cattle, bulls, goats, heifers, sheep, lambs, and doves, and pigeons. The horned animals stood calmly waiting round, but the lambs ran in and out of the group, and the birds flew about overhead. Presently they all fell into a still state, and I seemed to be like them, brought to a stand.

"What's the matter?" I said to a person who was near me. "Matter enough," he answered; "the time has come to kill all these beasts and birds. They are the sacrifices." "Who is to do it?" I asked.

"You," he solemnly replied.

At that moment the eyes of all the animals turned towards me, and with the most grievous looks they seemed to pity me.

“I could not kill one of them for my life,” I cried. “What have they done? No, no, I can’t touch ‘em, let alone that it would be a cruel waste. Their blood would be nothing for me. It ain’t my sacrifice. The Schoolmaster’s chapter said, Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but with His own blood, He has obtained eternal redemption for us. His blood must be shed for ME.”

My words were lost in the wonderful sound that came filling all the place. A breeze bore notes of music through the air. My ears drank it in, and my soul eagerly received its sweetness. The words were very simple, but they opened heaven to my mind. They told me so much that I could not believe it. But I did indeed learn to know that it is true, and to be so glad I can hardly speak when I think of them. “It is finished,” is what they said. “Finished! What, all the blood of all these creatures spilled?”

“No, not a drop.”

“What then. Whose blood!”

A voice told me back again that it was the blood of Jesus, and Jesus only.

“What,” I cried again, “instead of these?”

“No, not instead of bulls nor lambs, but instead of sinners.”

“Instead of me? Gave Himself for me? I can’t believe it.”

“But you must believe it, for it is true; the Bible says it. The Schoolmaster’s chapter made it quite clear. Think of it; not with blood of others, but by the offering of Himself once in the place of all, He has saved us forever.”

“Saved! saved! Praise the Lord! Give God thanks! Saved! saved!” I kept crying out. Someone woke me. I looked at the sea; it was calm: at the sky; it was without clouds: and right before us was the land we were going to.

My shouting was not the only shouting in the ship. All was at it crying out ■ “Land! hurray for the land.”

The only word I could say was ■ “Saved! saved forever!” Philips in his irons was near me. “Shut up,” he says; “it would have been better to have gone to the bottom than to land there in these fetters. Everyone of you will get a chain to your leg, and be fastened up like dogs.” “What matter, when you’re saved by the blood ■ when your soul’s saved? The body is the only thing they can chain. It is nothing. No man can touch the soul that’s saved. It is free forever. I’m saved. I never can be put into bondage again by Satan. I have got the door of heaven opened to me. I can’t be lost; Jesus died. He died instead of me. No, I can’t be put to death. He has done all for me. It is finished.”

“How do you know?” inquired some of them.

“I heard it in the Schoolmaster’s chapter. Oh, it is such good news! Saved!” I replied.

“We all heard the same thing read, and how does it happen you make so much out of it, and no one else had taken the same idea that you have about it?” asked someone.

“That I cannot tell. The one thing I do know—that before I heard that chapter, I did not care to live, and I hated every soul on board, and I did not desire to be in their company another minute. Now, I want every one to be as happy as I am; to be saved; to know that they have the blood shed for them. Dear Philips, I feel as if your knife was a blessed sign of the blood-shedding, without which no pardon could be. Can’t you see it.”

“That I can’t; but here it is, mate. It is safer in your hands than mine. I’m no way ‘tached to it. I brought it on board to take my own life: but you have put another idee into my head. I want to be saved, not to be lost. That night of the storm I was awfully frightened, and I made a vow I’d turn round as soon as ever we lands. But I need not wait for that. I’m ready to be turned now. A fresh start in a new life is a good thing. It will mend our ways and cure us.”

“Never, Philips. You and I would be as bad as ever over there as in England, if we are not saved—washed in the blood.”

The ship came into port, and all of us landed alive and well. Philips and me worked together many a day. I had that knife often in use, but never without remembering the “precious blood”; and dear Philips, he died rejoicing in the same. He came to see the “fountain” one day, all by himself, as he was a-thinking of the storm we had got through. Why was we spared? It ain’t hard to guess that: it was “mercy and free grace,” for we were a lot as should have gone to everlasting burning if we had had our rights. Surely it warn’t to send us into the fire by another road, that we were kept back that time? Certainly not. We were brought to land that we might be saved from that there ruin, and not pitched into it. I want to know now, why we should not be saved all out? There ain’t no reason. It is all as clear as day. We must believe that love, eternal love did it then. There was no merit; and it will do the rest for us. Salvation is ours!

I never shouted “saved!” so loud as Philips did when he found out the blessed truth. It was not long after he got that fine fortune’ that the Bible calls the “pearl of great price,” when he took sick. It was fever; and he ever raved about the storm, and the knife, and the ship, and the irons, and the prison, and the waves, and the sea, and the winds, and the billows. But, every now and then, he stopped and took his breath, and had his drink, and clear his throat, and cried out, “SAVED” and shouted “Jesus! Hallelujah! for He saved me and washed me in His blood!”

I knowed well as he was always hungering and thirsting after news of God and heaven, and Jesus, though he could not talk of them, the weeks he lay in that wild, queer sickness, in which he tossed, tumbled and screamed, and knocked about; so I read to him continually out of the Bible; and if he was not drawing water out of the wells of salvation, I was. It was a glorious time, but not a moment of it was like that minute when I saw it was come, and that he was gone up forever—away out of the fever and storm—and had got his rest in the calm land of peace forever, Saved! Saved! Washed and forgiven!

“Oh! the blood of Jesus!”

An Incident From Italy

Firenze.

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Knowing your interests in spreading about the Word of God, and also in printing facts of interest in your monthly paper "A Message from God," I thought the enclosed story might be useful to you. It was told me by the widow of the Italian Pastor in whose house the man was received and shows the power of the word without human agency. ■Yours in Him, E. B.

The Conversion of an Italian

One night a number of years ago, an Italian pastor and his wife were awakened by someone knocking at the door. The husband got up and called out "Who is there?" A man answered saying, "You do not know me, but I have heard of you, and that you are Christians. Could you take me in for the night?" The door was opened and the stranger came in saying, as he entered, "Do not be afraid of me for I have just been released from prison. I would like to tell you my story." Permission being given, he said, "Some time ago I was falsely accused of a great crime and condemned to a long term of imprisonment. The man who gave false witness against me was the man who had done the deed himself. In my lonely cell my time was spent in thinking how I would vindicate my enemy, and a terrible revenge filled my heart, so that I longed to be free from prison to carry out the awful desire to kill the man who had so wickedly accused me. I was determined to find him at all costs, and if possible kin not only the man, but his wife and children. While in this state of mind, I was put into another cell, and on looking round saw in a corner a little book on the floor. I picked it up and found it was a New Testament. I began at once to read it during the long, lonely hours. I read through the gospels, the life and death of the Lord Jesus, and as I thought of His sufferings He the Just One for the unjust, of His praying for His murderers, my heart was broken and I wept tears of penitence, I said to myself, 'Although I have not done the deed for which I am imprisoned, yet I am a sinner, and Jesus died for me.' Oh, how different I am, how wicked with all these evil thoughts in my mind. God in His mercy healed my broken heart, and gave me peace, and oh, what a change came over me. I still longed to be liberated, and also to find my false accuser, but not to have my revenge, but to speak to him about the love of God, and the Saviour I had found, hoping that he too will be saved."

The poor ex-prisoner was received into the house of the Italian pastor and his wife, and treated with kindness. The next day at the little weekly meeting he was asked to tell his experience and conversion which he did and then poured out his heart in prayer with such power that all were touched. Soon after he left on the little steamer for his home in Sicily, on his errand of love. Quite a number gathered to see him start, rejoicing that a miracle had been wrought in his heart, filling it with the love of God even for his greatest enemy.

A Sweet Message

True, it was “a sweet message” sent by loving thought and prayerful action. I was lying still upon my bed, ill and helpless, when a post card came, with the blessed words “She whom Thou lovest is sick,” and just as Martha and Mary sent those careful words from Bethany to our dear Lord, so my loving friend penned these words to me — “She whom Thou lovest is sick.” “Whom Thou lovest.” Ah yes, if He loves me, what need I fear, what need I want more, filling my lonely spirit with His love, joy and peace in believing. Day or night, moment by moment, He is with this sick one in her need. He loves me, unworthy, sinful, and I, I deeply love Him and rejoice to bear His precious will.

Emily P. Leakey.

“Pray for Me to the Devil”

In the life of John Paton the missionary he told the following incident connected with his early life. He says:

“I visited an infidel whose wife was a Roman Catholic. The man became unwell and gradually sank under great suffering and agony. His blasphemies against God were known and shuddered at by all the neighbors. His wife pleaded with me to visit him. She refused, at my suggestion, to call her own priest, so I accompanied her at last. The man refused to hear one word about spiritual things, and foamed with rage. He even spat at me, when I mentioned the name of Jesus. ‘The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him!’ There is a wisdom which is at best earthly, and at worst ‘sensual and devilish.’ His wife asked me to take care of the little money they had, as she would not entrust it to her own priest. I visited the poor man daily, but his enmity to God and his sufferings together seemed to drive him mad. His yells gathered crowds in the streets. He tore to pieces his very bed-clothes, till they had to bind him on the iron bed where he lay, foaming and blaspheming. Towards the end I pleaded with him even then to look to the Lord Jesus, and asked if I might pray with him? With all his remaining strength, he shouted at me, ‘Pray for me to the devil!’

“Reminding him how he had always denied that there was any devil, I suggested that he must surely believe in one now, else he would scarcely make such a request, even in mockery. In great rage he cried,

“ ‘Yes, I believe there is a devil, and a God, and a just God, too; but I have hated Him in life, and I hate Him in death!’ With these awful words, he wriggled into eternity; but his shocking death produced a very serious impression for good, especially amongst young men, in the district where his character was known.”

Rom. 10:12-13

Many will rejoice, I am sure, and praise God for this testimony to that blessed One, the “altogether lovely.” My missionary friend, laboring alone in India, writes of a Brahmin: ■

“rather a good family, fallen on evil days. The old man came and told me that he felt he had not long to live, would I help him to get through the short time he had left. It was a great proof of confidence, to say even so much.... Shortly after he was taken ill. When they are dying they are lifted on the ground as they must die on ‘Mother earth.’ Well, he was lying like that, with his head lifted on his son’s knee. Suddenly he raised his head, clasped his hands, and bowing in adoration said: ‘Thou Lord Jesus, Thou art the One.’ Nothing more is known, as he did not speak again. I am hoping against hope that he may be among the ‘saved ones.’

Can we doubt it?

A. A. L.

To the Mothers of England

A terrible responsibility rests upon you in these days. If you love your children do all you can to save their souls. Keep them from the gambling, the betting, the card-playing, the drinking, the brothels, the theaters, and dancing saloons. Every form of vice is alluring your children now. Read the following narrative of a father's love and devotion for his boy.

“That’s My Boy”

“I remember,” said a writer, “standing by the surging billows one weary day and watching for hours a father struggling beyond in the breakers for the life of his son. They came slowly toward the shore on a piece of wreck, and as they came the waves turned over the piece of float and they were lost to view. Presently we saw the father come to the surface and clamber alone to the wreck, and then he plunged off into the waves, and we thought he was gone; but soon he was back again, bringing his boy. Again they struck another wave and over they went, and again the father rescued his son. By and by, as they swung nearer land, they caught on a snag just out beyond where we could reach them; and for a little time the waves went over them till we saw the boy in his father’s arms hanging down helpless. We knew that they must be saved soon or be lost. We shall never forget the gaze of that father as we drew him from the devouring waves, still clinging to his son. He said, ‘That’s my boy! that’s my boy!’” And shall fathers be less anxious about the eternal welfare of their beloved children? Can you let them go on in carelessness and indifference, unsaved? May God awake you to the reality of eternal things, and enable you to present the preciousness, the blessedness of a Saviour’s love in such a way as to captivate their hearts.

The Closing Word for September

Robert Midlane, of South Shields and Stanley Robson had Testaments sent to them about February of this year. A little girl writes to me about these Testaments. She says: ■

Dear Sir, ■Do you remember supplying Robert Midlane and Stanley Robson with. New Testaments? It is about three months since. Well, a fortnight after they received them, we found Robert dead in bed, and they had letters of thanks ready to post to you. I am now writing to thank you on their behalf. I also wish to ask you if you would provide me with sixteen Testaments for my Sunday School class... Stanley and Robert were stepbrothers. ■Yours truly, Mary Robson.

May that dead boy speak to you, my reader, about the need of the living for the Word of God. A dear brother writing from Southall says: "I was in King Street, Hammersmith, and went into a large secondhand book-shop to inquire for Testaments, and the proprietor said, 'I haven't one, they are snapped up so quickly by the children.' I was surprised at the statement. Thank God the children do love them."

The Ways of God

By The Editor

To My Readers

Russellism

I HAVE had many letters, some so blasphemous that I could not print them, others so abusive that their only place is the waste-paper basket. These letters have been mostly concerning what has appeared in this magazine on the subject of eternal punishment. The writings of the man who, when he was alive, called himself Pastor Russell, are full of the most dangerous blasphemy on this and other subjects. The world is being flooded with his books, and their contents can only be described as "doctrines of devils," and the writings of "seducing spirits." He said when he was alive, in one of his addresses, that he could get as much money as he liked, because he told people there was no hell. He tells us the "second death" is extinction: that death, extinction of being, is the wages of sin. He denies absolutely all that our blessed Lord has ever said about eternal punishment. He and his followers declare that "neither the Bible nor reason offers the slightest support to the doctrine that eternal torment is the penalty for sin, unconfessed and unforgiven." It is called by them, "a fiendist doctrine of the dark ages," and "is calling people to despise Christianity and the Bible." Russellism says about our blessed Lord Jesus Christ: ■

"The man Jesus is dead, forever dead."

"The man Christ Jesus never rose from the dead."

"The man Christ Jesus suffered in the most absolute sense of the word everlasting destruction."

“We know nothing about what became of Jesus’ body■whether it was dissolved into gases no one knows.” Speaking of God, Russellism says: “God is a solitary being, from eternity unrevealed and unknown. No one has existed as His equal to reveal Him.”

These awful doctrines (I have only cited a few) are being received into millions of homes in England and elsewhere. If people will not buy the books containing these doctrines they are given away in many cases. It is a vast scheme of Satan against the Lord Jesus Christ. Russell and his followers are the advance agents of the anti-Christ. I implore every reader I may be able to reach never to read a book, printed and disseminated, that contains these doctrines■ “doctrines of devils.” The whole spirit of the age in which we live is anti-Christ.

We can but humbly pray to be delivered from anything that touches the honor of our blessed Lord.

Satan's Greatest Victory

Satan's greatest victory today has been won over men and women who have stood in the forefront in Christian work, but who are now speaking of a "fallible Christ," who had limitations, and whose words, about much of the Old Testament, showed lack of knowledge. These Modernists are many of them worse than Russell—they deliberately sin against the light. Divine light seems never to have shone on Russell, but it has on some of them. Modernists tell us that the Bible contains the Word of God. They send out missionaries who are laughed at by the heathen now, who taunt them, saying, "You do not believe your own Book." Never before has such a disgrace come to Christianity. How dare they pray to a "fallible Christ," and expect an answer? How dare they preach the power of Jesus' life, death and resurrection if He has "His limitations." Jesus said "Moses spake of Me," they say by their words and insinuations, he never did.

They have left the name of the Lord Jesus Christ out of hundreds of their hymn books, so as not to annoy the susceptibilities of Hindus and Mahommedans whose children attend their schools. Thank God we can say and know:

"Though men deride Thy lowly Name

God honors it in heaven."

What would you think, my readers, of one, who pretended to love you, being ashamed of your name, and who aspersed your character? Russell speaks out, and so do the atheists and infidels and others, but these Modernists who defame their Lord are like Judas—they give Jesus into the hands of His enemies with their "Hail! Master," and their kisses.

The Test of Love

If you had a friend you loved dearly, the test of your love would be shown in your maintaining his integrity. You would hotly resent anything that was said against your friend because you loved him. But if your love cooled, as human love often does, you might listen to things said against your friend, and even say them yourself.

So these men and women who side with the Modernists show by their position that they have ceased to love their Lord. What would have filled them with horror and indignation when first they believed they not only tolerate now, but say the same things themselves: Oh! blessed Lord Thou are indeed wounded in the house of Thy friends.

The Law and Christ

I would say to the Modernist, if you do not believe what Jesus said about the Old Testament Scriptures, if you do not believe His testimony concerning what Moses and the prophets said about Him, if the Holy Ghost has not revealed to you in all the scriptures the things concerning Christ, then it is you that have these earthly limitations—your eyes are holden, you cannot see the beauties of the Lord Jesus blended together in one perfect whole in all the scriptures. The Lord says to you, “O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the scriptures have spoken.” If you do not believe fully and entirely all that Christ says about the Old Testament, you have no right to believe that He ever said to you, “Come unto Me... and I will give you rest.” You have no right to take any promise as true, or accept any invitation given by Christ. If you deny the accuracy of one word of our beloved Lord you deny the accuracy of all.

As it was with the law given at Sinai, if you broke one law you were guilty of all; so if you sin in one thought about Christ, you must take your place with the unbelievers.

A Scene in Heaven

Read Revelations 4 and 5 chapters. See there the glories of the Christ of God. The everlasting majesty of the Lamb of God, the Saviour of the world.

Hark! to the homage of the saints redeemed who cast their crowns before the throne, saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

One day the Lord will come and call all who believe in Him and His words, and His eternal Godhead, to meet Him in the air. Soaring upwards they shall behold the welcoming face of the Lamb of God, and rise and rise until the pearly gates of the heavenly city come in view. Then sweeping through those pearly gates they shall enter into everlasting rest. They shall go on to see the throne of God and of the Lamb: go in to see the homage of every heart given to the Lord: go in to see the white-robed host bending low in eternal adoration. There only to adore, only to praise, only to worship. Not a thought apart from Christ, in all the boundless realms of heaven. Every heart beating as one, and every throb and pulsation Christ. The praise of Jesus sounding from every harp and from every tongue; from the circle nearest the throne to the distance of the remotest heaven. Jesus the object of all praise from the center to the circumference of glory.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name,

Let angels prostrate fall.

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all."

Yours in Christ Jesus,

Heyman Wreford.

The Power of the Name of Jesus

Over and over again in my many years of Gospel work have I seen special manifestations of the power of the precious Name of Jesus. I have seen the power of that Name cast out the demon or demons from a woman possessed by the devil. The incident is recorded in a booklet called "What is there after death?" I have seen a strong man in one of our gospel meetings shaking like a man with the palsy in a paroxysm of terror on account of his sins. For a long time the storm raged in this sinner's soul—the power of Satan seeking to keep him from the Saviour and the sinner seeking to be free. It was the power of the Name of Jesus that at last, in answer to many prayers, stilled the storm, and there came to him the great calm of salvation.

Oh sinner reading this, do you feel you are possessed by a demon of lust, or drunkenness, or blasphemy, or atheism, or Modernism? Do you long to be free? Call upon the Name of Jesus. Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved."

Now I am going to let the wondrous story of Mochuana's deliverance through the power of the Name of Jesus speak for itself, and may the Lord use His deliverance to save many.

Editor.

The Power of the Name of Jesus

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21.

I learned a wonderful lesson, now many years ago, concerning "The Name," from an old heathen Mochuana.

We were traveling in Bechuanaland; heavy rains, causing swollen rivers, stopped our progress, and we lay for days on the banks of an impassable stream, our only shelter from the inclement weather the old-fashioned bullock wagon. Other travelers by wagons and carts came along; each stopped in turn by the swollen torrent, until quite a little canvas camp lay along the water's edge.

There was no lack of discomforts of every kind to be endured on that marshy plain. Rain, rain, rain above, and mud, mud, mud below; and whenever the rain stopped, and the warmer air made itself felt, swarms of mosquitoes made the night hideous with their trumpeting's and their stings. Being limited for time in which to accomplish our journey, the trial of the delay in our onward progress increased the burden of the adverse circumstances in which we were placed, but there was a "needs be" for our being led to, and kept in that precise spot.

Worse than all other trials; than the enforced imprisonment in the narrow confines of that wagon, than the inability to cook or prepare a palatable meal, than the going for nights without rest on account of the onslaughts of the mosquitoes, was the fact that we were subjected to the horrible sights and sounds caused by the existence in our near neighborhood of one of those curses—which in those days invariably followed in the wake of British occupation of a new territory—the wayside canteen.

Close to the drift of the river, on the main road which all wagons going to and from Kimberley with wood or produce from the interior must travel, lay this horrible den, this trap for unwary passers-by; and there the natives of the surrounding districts by hundreds had lost their all. The wagons and cattle, goats and sheep, which it had taken some of the poor creatures their lifetime to collect, were gone in a few months into the grasp of the rapacious trader, who thus throve and amassed wealth by draining the very essentials of life from the poor besotted beings who yielded all up in exchange for the vile adulterated compounds with which he robbed them of their senses, and made them from their "first drunk" helpless victims to be fleeced at his will, pliable dupes for his cupidity to fatten on.

He told me himself, in reply to my pleading with him to give up the iniquitous traffic: "I came here almost penniless, a few years ago, and now I have gained possession of all these acres. All the land you see to that far outlying beacon is mine, and all these flocks and herds, these buildings and gardens, and you coolly asked me to give up the trade that has brought me all this wealth. No! the interest of my wife and children are to be considered in the question." All remonstrance and pleading were vain. The proprietor of this money-making, death-dealing concern was not to be moved, and I had to witness, during those days of storm and rain, numbers of fellow men going backwards and forwards between those wagons and that door of ruin; old men, young men, here and there a white man, but mostly black men—the ignorant natives of the country, ragged, wretched, besotted.

Again and again my soul, in an agony too deep for articulate prayer, cried out to God, as those staggering figures, with brutalized faces, screaming out as only drunken savages can scream, passed in and out of that canteen door; every now and then English oaths picked up in Kimberley, intermingled with their native language, making this horrible picture of what European civilization brings to the savage races still more horrible. One felt suffocated with the pain, the shame of it all, and oh, so powerless, so helpless to do anything to stay the curse, to save those wretched lives from the destruction going on before one's gaze hour after hour. My brain felt on fire, as it were, and I cried in an almost despairing agony to God, and then a calm came over me and a prayer; and with the prayer a call. I clambered out of the wagon and went toward the canteen.

Of all the figures there, I seemed to see only one, a poor aged man, with a few filthy rags only very partially covering his equally filthy body, loathsome with sores, his bloated face and bleared eyes, so repulsive-looking that one shrank instinctively from the sight.

He was just staggering towards the canteen to get another drink, when I went up to him and said, "Old man, I want to speak to you." He turned round stupidly and gave assent. "Come aside a little."

He followed me back to my wagon, and there in broken "taal," which I could speak and he understood a little of, I asked him why he was killing himself with this drink. "Why?" he answered, "why, you know why—because I can't help it!"

I said, "But you can help it; you need not go on drinking."

"What!" said he, "do you think any man would be so foolish as to go on taking that stuff, that 'brandt' (literally, burning), if he could help it, if he could stop from it? No, no! You English know that well enough, therefore you bring this 'toer goed' (literally, magic potion, wit's stuff) to us. You know when we once taste it we can never be free again, never, never! It was so with me. For

months after that canteen was opened I never went near it. I saw how it diseased my neighbors; how they went mad after they had been there; how they gave their cattle and their sheep to the white man there, just to get a bottle with that stuff in it; how they could not rest when that was done, but had to get more and more, till everything they had was given to the white man; and their bodies were sick and full of sores, like mine is today, and their eyes got blind, and their hands could not carry the food to their mouths without spilling it; and yet one day I let a mate talk me over to taste the white man's magic.

"I thought I would only taste a little drop, just to see what it was like; and that is five years ago, and well you know how it is when you drink the white man's magic. You never leave off again. I drank and drank. I drank that time till I drank out all the money I had by me; then I went home and brought a goat to the canteen man, and sold it for the drink, and my wife cried when she saw that I had also come under the spell of the white man's stuff; but it was no use; I was miserable too, but I could not stop; and I drank more and more. I drank out all my goats and sheep and cows and my few oxen and wagon — the canteen man has them all and now I'm sick and half blind, and with all these sores, and I only want to drink, drink!"

"But how do you get the drink if you have no more things to sell to the canteen keeper?"

He chuckled. "Oh, I get it. When all my money is gone the canteen keeper gives me drink till I owe him \$5.00. Then he won't give me anymore, so then I get my brother-in-law to lend me his wagon, and, weak as I am, I gather wood in the veldt, bushes, and bits of wood, till I get a wagon load. Though I am sick, the longing for the drink, when the canteen man won't give me any more, makes me strong to go on getting the wood together, till I get enough to go to Kimberley to sell it; and my brother-in-law sends someone with me (my wife is with me now) to take 5\$ for him for his wagon, and I buy a little brandy in Kimberley, And then bring all the other money, sometimes \$15, to the canteen man here, and I drink every day till I drink all the money out. Then he lets me drink after that for another \$5; then I have to get more wood. So I live."

I said, "But you are killing yourself!"

"Yes," he answered, "I know that; I am almost dying now, I shake all the time, and I can't be without the drink one day. When my money is gone, and the canteen-keeper won't give me any more, I cry so that my friends must give me some; but to — day I can get plenty! I have just sold my wood in Kimberley. I can drink! I must go now and drink!" And he wanted to move off.

I pleaded with him then-asked him if he would not try and give up the drink, for his poor wife, for his children, to save himself from dying he laughed a strange despairing laugh. "You ask, don't I want to get well? Don't I want to give my poor wife and children some money to buy food with? Of course I do. What man would not like to be well of this disease? Why do you talk so? You know as well as I do that there is no help for me, that there is no doctor on this earth can cure a man of this witchcraft."

"There is, there is!" I said, as it rushed over me. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." I told him of that Jesus, that loving One, who healed all the sick who came to Him. As I told him of one and another who had come to that Jesus and been made whole, those bleared eyes seemed strained with eagerness, and he broke in on me almost breathlessly in excitement, "Is it true, is it true, missis? Are you telling me true? Where is this man? Tell me, tell me! Is he in

Kimberley? Oh, take me to this doctor, I will give Him all the money for the wood I gather, till he has ten loads or even more, more if He wants it, only take me to Him.”

I told him this doctor asked for no money, wanted no pay, only for people to ask Him to make them well, but here came the difficulty to explain to him how he could ask the unseen Christ. He was quite a heathen; had never had anything to do even with Christianized natives, knew nothing about God but the name as he had heard it in curses in his canteen experience. I asked the Spirit to help me to explain to him the Heavenly Father’s love, and the coming of Christ to live and die for us here, and the saving power of that Christ. But he wanted to see Him. I felt that the records of Christ’s earthly ministry only deepened the sense that that personal contact was necessary; then praying for light, I was led to get the Bible, and turning to Acts 3, told him word for word the story of that man lame from his mother’s womb to whom Peter and John brought the message, “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk”; and of what came to pass; how that helpless man got that perfect soundness in the presence of all. I told him that same Jesus was with us now, and would heal him if he asked for it. The blessed Spirit carried the message home; that darkened mind drank it in.

At last he said, “Tell me the name.” I told him.

Then he said, “How must I ask Him?” I said, “Just here we can ask Him,” and I knelt down on that wet grass by that wagon side; the old man knelt, too. I can never forget that moment; the sun broke through the clouds, and shed its light upon that poor ragged, besotted old Kaffir, kneeling there, with his face buried in his hands, on the wet ground, seeking deliverance.

In a few broken words, for my heart was almost too full to speak, I asked that God would glorify His child Jesus and show His mighty healing power on this poor life, and then this poor old drunken heathen said himself, “Great Doctor, make me well.”

He rose and asked me again, “What is the Name?”

“Jesus,” I said.

“Jesus, Jesus,” he went away, murmuring to himself.

I lost sight of him amongst the group of wagons, and that afternoon we moved away to a quieter and healthier spot some miles distant. After some days, we returned to that crossing to find the river had subsided sufficiently to permit wagons to pass over. As we approached one of the wagons, a woman came towards me.

“Missis,’ she said, “is it you that spoke to my husband last week? Oh, what did you do that he is healed from that drink?”

“Why!” I said, “did he not tell you?”

“No, he said he did not know if he might speak of it, but, O Missis, he is cured, my husband is cured! He has never been to that canteen again, though he has money 1n his handkerchief still. Yesterday I was afraid he was going. One of his drinking mates came to ask him to go with him to the canteen. He had half a crown, and begged my husband to go with him; he took hold of his arm, and they went half-way over to the canteen. Oh! my heart was sore, but all at once my husband

turned round and pulled his arm loose and came back. Oh! he is cured, he is cured!"

Here the man came up, such a transformed face! and with tears of joy he said, "It is all true, Missis, all true what you told me! My wife wants to know, but I did not know if I might tell her." Evidently he felt so wondrous a power might be too sacred to speak of, and had a dread of its being withdrawn.

"Oh, yes!" I said, "You may tell her all."

"Then wife," he said, lowering his voice to an awed whisper, "It's a Name, just a Name." Then turning to me, "May I tell the Name?" On my assenting, he breathed rather than uttered the word, "Jesus." It is impossible to convey in words what was borne in on my soul then. It has lived with me ever since. It has come to me in hours of greatest darkness, and brought light. It has swept through my being in moments of terrible temptation, and again and again when I have been at the point of yielding, it has brought me victory. It has given me hope for the most helplessly lost lives, and the recital of this that took place that day has brought deliverance to numbers. More drink slaves have been set free by telling them of that record in the third chapter of Acts, and this incident which grew out of it, than by any other message which it has been given me to bring to them.

I now feel I must send forth the lesson learned that day on a wider mission, to hearts and lives my voice will never reach. Bothers, sisters, enslaved by drink or any other evil habit or passion, "Try the Name." It has untold power. That old heathen Mochuana found it able to save, able to deliver, able to give perfect soundness to his poor diseased body, helplessly shattered will power and besotted, degraded soul. "Jesus, just a Name," so he described it to his wife. He told us that all he had done after leaving me was to say that "Name" to himself, and the craving for the drink went away from him, and he felt just as he did before he had ever tasted the stuff; as he put it, "His mouth felt clean like a little child's," and his body was well and strong. Of the day when he allowed the drinking companion by force and argument to get him to go towards the canteen, and so was mentally yielding, he said, "When I was going to the canteen all at once the old disease came back. I felt it burn in me. I wanted the drink. I felt it all over my body; the sickness was on me again. I was so frightened, but just as I was half way to the canteen, there by that bush, I called out softly three times, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' and the disease just left me at once, and my body felt cool, and I turned back, and so, wife, you see it's just a Name."

Oh, blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, "that Name" stands eternal in its saving power. It is for you, for me to lay hold of it. His name, through faith in His Name, has given to every life that trusts it fully that perfect soundness in the presence of all which caused that first glad recipient of its power in Acts 3, after a lifetime of crippled helplessness, to go walking and leaping and praising God; and you dear friend, who are agonizing under the cruel power of drink or some other sinful habit, shall also thus rejoice, and say with the old Mochuana, "It is true, all true, I am healed through the Name."

"Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name, that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth." (Phil. 2:9-10. R.V.)

S. L.

Epaphroditus

And so Epaphroditus had been sick unto death, just like myself, taken quickly ill, unable to speak or sleep, nigh unto death, and yet the Lord restored him as He has myself. As we read in Philippians 4:18 how Epaphroditus supplied all St. Paul needed ■ “an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing unto God-and so may God grant I may be like Epaphroditus, and arise from a sick bed to work for others for Christ’s sake, assuring them how God will supply all their need according to His riches in glory. Yes, sickness often results in blessed work for the Lord if His dear children ask to be so used, not thinking of self, but of others, and of our Blessed Lord, Who accepts our offering of love even as He did the love and service of His well-beloved Epaphroditus as a sacrifice well pleasing to God, and then St. Paul adds, “My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” God grant my month’s sickness may be turned into a blessing to others.

Emily P. Leakey.

“Able to Help”

It is joy to write of God's wondrous ways of bringing sinners to Himself, and one with whom I have corresponded for many years now in the Lord's service writes how he was spared through the dangers of the Boer War. God had spoken to him, through the lines of a hymn, but that failed to arrest him on the downward road... It was the awful death of a comrade through drink that aroused him at last, and during the funeral of that comrade he was saved. He writes the blessed experience: ■

“God showed me the awfulness of sin, and the text, ‘The wages of sin is death, the gift of God is eternal life,’ kept flashing through my mind, and at the graveside I asked God to help me.... And praise His holy Name, He heard my cry, and saved me, and I have proved Him able to keep me at all times... ‘By the grace of God, I am what I am.’”

My friend has allowed me to write this, with the longing desire that it may be used to help someone. Reader, have you come to Him? (Heb. 7:25.)

A. A. L.

A Prayerless Parent

A prayerless parent, a mechanic, visited a minister and burst into tears. "You remember my girl, sir? She was my only child. She died this morning suddenly. I hope she has gone to God, but if so she can tell Him, what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh that she were with me but for one day again."

We Must Go on

A very dear Christian friend of mine wrote me the other day and said, "I am going on doing, and asking to go soon." She is 89, and has been a Christian, for 80 years and working for Christ all the time. Still going on, and asking to go soon. What a blessed life!

God help us still to go on, and to be waiting for Him to fetch us home. We belong to Him; left here for a little to work for Him but with the light of the setting sun around us, and the mist of eventide falling on the soul and the sweet bells of heaven sounding out the promises; may heaven seem nearer and Christ be dearer, all the time and all the way. The pilgrim staff will not be needed in glory. The work and the journey will be over. We shall have no more parcels to send bearing their precious seed all over the world. It will be "harvest home" then: days of fruition. If every one of the Testaments we have sent this year so far wins one soul only for Christ, it will mean 50,000 precious souls and more. But one Testament may mean 100 souls for Christ. Let us work together a little longer. God is trying our faith about these Testaments. Pray with us that they may come speedily, for Christ is coming, and everything points to His speedy return. Some may blame my persistency, but if I could have 100,000 Testaments this month they would all be used in His service and I trust, with my heart, for His glory. Face to face with the world's need and with eternity, I would pray as did a devoted Christian prostrate before God, who cried, "Oh Christ give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul."

Any gift for our Testament and Tract Fund may be sent to Dr. Heyman Wreford, "The Firs," Denmark Rd., Exeter.

The Ways of God

By the Editor

MY Dear Friends, my first word for November must be Testaments. We want Testaments at once

About the Children

I want in this number of "A Message from God" to speak earnestly about the need of prayerfully continuous work among the children of our nation and other lands. The need of Bibles and Testaments in our Sunday Schools and Council Schools is ever being brought before us. I feel a chance is now given to every Christian, who is faced with a knowledge of the fearful danger the children are in, to do now, what it may not be possible to be done for this generation in five or ten years' time.

The devil is seeking to snatch the children from their mothers' arms, so that from the cradle to the grave they may be his. Read the following: ■

A Socialist's Baptism

A service was held in the Trade Hall, Leicester, recently to dedicate four infants to the International Socialist movement. The ceremony was performed by a man named Minto, who, taking each child in his arms, repeated its name, and said, "You I dedicate to the International Socialist movement in the hope that you will grow up to work and fight in the cause of human emancipation, and that you and your children will know a better world than your father and grandfathers have known." A bouquet of white flowers tied with red ribbon was then presented by a small scholar to each of the four babies, and the song "Hail to the child of humanity" was sung.

The devil was made the sponsor of these children. How mothers can be so callous as to allow their children to be thus treated one cannot tell. Oh! mothers and fathers of the world, if you love your children, seek the best for them—do not deliberately place them into the hands of Satan, but ask God to bless them.

Have Mercy on Your Children

An evening party was being held at a lady's house who was a skeptic, and in the family there was a little girl, in whom God was graciously working, and who was alarmed about the condition of her own soul, and evidently that of her parents also.

When the party had assembled, this young girl was in another room, and the solemn realities of eternity were pressing on her soul, and she wept much as she thought of her dear mother, whom she knew to be a skeptic.

The mother came to her to know the cause of her trouble. The daughter replied, "O mamma, won't it be awful if we don't go to the same place?"

Sad to say, that though the words of the child made an impression for the moment, the poor mother lapsed back into her former thoughts, and would even prevent her very child from hearing the gospel.

Yes, have mercy on your children. If thus you treat your children God may take them from you. If you surrender all the priceless gifts of your little ones, their love, their winsomeness, the growing wonder of their increasing grasp of life, to the powers of darkness, the sin will lie at your door for all eternity, unless you repent of it with many tears. Think of the preciousness of the love told out in the following: —

“With You Always”

A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them, while she went to attend to some work in an upper room.

Five minutes passed quietly; and then a timid voice at the foot of the stairs called out, “Mamma, are you there?” “Yes, darling.”

“All right, then”; and the child went back to its play. By and by the question was repeated, “Mamma, are you there?”

“Yes.”

“All right, then”; and the little ones, re-assured of their mother’s presence, again returned to their toys.

Thus how sweet it is for us, when in doubt and loneliness, to look up to the Lord Jesus not to ask, Are you there? but to know that He is there, watching over us—guarding, guiding. Blessed Saviour, Thou art there!

Think, dear friends of the loneliness of a house without children; as one has said, “It seems like a garden without flowers, like a cage without a bird, like a heaven without stars.”

The Lonely House

"I sit beside my lonely fire;

No noise is on the stair,

No pattering of the little feet

That used to gambol there.

"Time was, that, fretful, I would ask,

'What is that noise I hear?'

A soft voice, answering mine, would say,

'Only the children, dear.'

"Some to the far-off East are gone,

Some to the far-off West;

And some are bound by other ties■

And one has found his rest.

"No sounds disturb me, as I sit

Within my easy chair;

But what would I not give to hear

The old noise on the stair?"

Anon.

There will be no loneliness in the Father's house. May we and ours all be gathered there.

A Child's Soul Seeking Light

Think of the tendrils of the soul in your child's heart stretching out for the light of a higher love than yours, and for a knowledge that has been placed in the soul of the child by the children's Saviour, who still says, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Remember! He took them in His arms and blessed them when on earth, and if He sees you are giving your child to the devil by your unbelief and sin, those blessed arms may enfold your child, and leave your home desolate.

Red Sunday Schools

The nation is warned against them, and every parent that forms part of the nation is warned also.

It is well known that more than twenty thousand children are being trained in the Socialist and Communist Sunday Schools, to be deniers of God, and traitors to the Constitution. In the Communist or Proletariat schools they openly preach red revolution, and antagonism to all religion. This is what they say: ■

“We of the proletarian schools are pushing ahead, we will no longer abstain from planting into the souls of our children the seeds of revolutionary conception of life.” ...Another writes thus, speaking of Bolshevik teaching, in proletarian schools: “In these schools, children are taught to disbelieve in God, and their country, and to urge revolution by every means in their power. He knew of one city where thousands of boys were taught these dreadful things every Sunday, and he urged all to do all they could to counteract such insidious influences.”

Every Christian's Duty

It is every Christian man and woman's duty to try and save the children now. It is the duty of every preacher of the Gospel, and every Sunday School teacher to look after the children.

But how can they be saved if they hear what is preached today in half the pulpits of our country? The Rev. John Thomas tells us that "recently a reverend professor addressed the children from a Baptist pulpit in Wales. He spoke on the prophet Jonah. He told the children that he would not insult their intelligence by expecting them to believe the story of Jonah and the whale."

"There are skeptics of his type who will not insult your intelligence by expecting you to believe that Jesus rose bodily from the grave," or even that "five loaves and two small fishes fed thousands of people..."

But the gravest feature (Mr. Thomas goes on to say) of all is that in this flippant arrogance of unbelief in the miracles of Holy Scripture, Jesus, our Lord, is set at naught.

It is unintelligent for the children to believe the story of Jonah and the whale. "Our Lord believed it, therefore our Lord was unintelligent." To sum up they infer that our blessed Lord believed things about the Old Testament that would be "an insult to the intelligence of the children of today."

I Plead for the Children

It makes our hearts weep to think of the awful peril of child life today. The dainty feet of little children must walk today amid the filth of Socialism and Atheism, and Modernism, and a hundred other pollutions of unbelief, and their receptive minds are poisoned by the exhalations of the bottomless pit. Millions of them get no help in their homes other millions get no help from their preachers and Sunday school teachers. The world in which they live is mad with the lust of sin. God sees today as He did in antediluvian days, "that the wickedness of man is great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart are only evil continually."

God is warning by earthquake, fire and flood. Let us heed God's warnings and seek to read "the signs of the times." We want to save the children out of the "City of Destruction."

A Christian writes: ■

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■I enclose ■ in this for your work of distributing free New Testaments to the children. I am sure that this thought was inspired from above, and will be richly blessed., What else but the "Sword of the Spirit" can overcome these atheistical proletarian Sunday schools? I will pray for blessing on your work. ■Yours truly, V. C. G.

The Fear of the Communist

During the revival meetings in Scotland, a great many Communists have been converted. This has struck great fear in the ranks of the Communists, and they have forbidden their members to attend the meetings. They are afraid of the power of the God they deny. The devil in them is saying "We know Thee who Thou art: the Holy One of God!" "Leave us alone." They want God to leave them alone, they are more afraid of God than they are of the devil. They never seek to hinder their members from attending meetings swayed by Satan, where God is denied and His Son blasphemed, and red revolution is preached; but they must not listen to the Word of God or to preachers sent from God. What a tribute to the power of the gospel is this! We hope the Socialists and Communists will crowd to hear the Word of God, and may God bless them and save their souls.

My Interview With a Communist and Atheist

I well remember when I was a young man of sixteen or seventeen, I was a teacher in a Sunday school in a low part of the city. Living near the school was an atheist, who also was a Socialist. One day he sent for me to come and see him. I went to the house and found him seated at his bench (he was a repairing cobbler) with his leathern apron on, and the knives of various sizes which he used beside him. His children were in the room─they were girls. He began the conversation by complaining of the noise the children made when entering the school and when leaving it. I told him I was very sorry, and would try to see that this condition of things was altered. I moved to go, but stayed as he began speaking again. He said, "Sunday schools were no use─there was no God, etc., etc." Then before these young girls he poured out the most awful blasphemies about the Lord Jesus Christ, about His birth, His life, etc., etc. I could not write down what he said before his own children about the Saviour. I was so horrified, that I went closer to him, and looking him in the face said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak in this manner about God and His Son before your children." I then spoke of what Christ was to me, and what He had done for me. He sprang from his stool, livid with rage, and seizing a knife that was on the table, he threatened to kill me if I did not leave the room. His hatred to the Lord Jesus was blazing in his eyes. As I left him, with his terrified children cowering with fear, I issued warning after warning to him. He was standing still as I was speaking with the knife in his hand, and did not seek to molest me as I quietly left the room. In a letter I wrote to him next day, I emphasized all the warnings I had given him, and tried to put the Gospel clearly before him. I never saw him again, he must have left the city or I did, but I shall never forget the awful passion that possessed him when I spoke of Christ.

We want to help to deliver the children from the influence of homes like these. We want to give them Testaments to take home to read to their fathers and mothers if opportunity is given. For £5 we can send 500 Testaments to 500 children post free. Do pray for us, dear friends, for our hearts are in this work for the young.

Fours in Christ Jesus,

Heyman Wreford.

The Idle Leg

It is quite true work does not tire, but invigorates the system. Do let us each one seek to work for God, help on His cause which needs workers. Oh! wonderful thought! Christianity could be at once created in millions without us, if He willed it, but no, He wills the willing worker and the teller of His truth. Listen to what this old man said whose business it was to work on the treadle of a machine. A lady saw him and said, "How tired your foot must be."

"No, lady," he replied, "it is not the foot that works that gets tired, it is the other foot that stands still. The foot that does nothing, that's the foot that gets tired." He worked many hours a day on the machine with one foot, the other got so tired standing still and doing nothing.

Do let each one of us make a point of doing something to please our Father in heaven every day. Pray in the morning to be shown what to do and praise in the evening that you have done it with gladness and joy of heart.

Emily P. Leakey.

A Last Warning or, "Just in Time"

"Just in time," I exclaimed, as I stood with a friend on the pier at ■, watching the departure of the large passenger steamer "E. O." My exclamation was called forth by seeing a gentleman come rapidly down the pier, elbow his way energetically through the crowd of bystanders, and, though the gangways had been already removed, and the ship was in motion, throw hatbox and small portmanteau first, and then spring lightly from the pier, and land safely on the deck of the vessel.

"He was indeed only just in time; how narrowly he escaped being too late!" answered my friend. "I admire his courage and determination to make a desperate effort to gain the vessel while there was still even a hope. But what a risk he ran! It reminds me forcibly of an incident that occurred not long ago to one whom I knew well, and whose description of it made a very forcible impression on my memory, it seemed to me such an instance of the patience and longsuffering grace of our God, of His unwillingness that any should perish, and of the warning cries that He sends out."

"Tell me," I said; and he gave me the following short account, using, he said, as nearly as he could remember them, his friend's own words.

"A little time back I was spending the afternoon of the Lord's Day in distributing gospel books and tracts among a number of miners in ■. It was a lovely summer's day, and the men were gathered in groups here and there, either sauntering slowly along, or sitting under the trees talking together and enjoying the pure air and the sunlight. The sunlight seemed a joy in itself to them, and the fresh air priceless, after working all the week in the darkness and unwholesome atmosphere of the mine. I was well known among them, and received many a hearty "Good day," or "God bless you," as I passed in and out among them, now sitting down to read for a time with some, now speaking a few words as to their souls' salvation with others, as I gave them the little silent messengers which all told the same tale, though by different pens and in different ways, of the Saviour's love—the old, old story, so wonderful yet so divinely true, the story of that Saviour's cross of shame, His death to win life for guilty, ruined man.

"I had given away nearly all the large package of books I had brought out with me, and was returning slowly to my home. I had almost reached it, indeed I was crossing the last field that separated me from my own garden gate, when I met two young miners coming slowly toward me. I stopped as we were about to pass each other, and selecting two little books from the few that remained in my hand, I held out one to each and said ■

"Will you accept and read this?"

"Each took the book I held out, and thanked me; and one, a fine, strong, healthy, and handsome young man of about twenty-five or twenty-six, stood still and read out the title-page of his, 'Just in Time.'

"A deep feeling of solemnity, amounting even to awe, crept over my soul, and looking up into his frank open countenance, I said ■

“‘Yes, my friend, and God grant that you may be just in time for salvation, just in time for heaven.’ Again I repeated it, ‘God grant that you may be just in time.’

“‘He was a stranger to me, and I could not account for my sudden and deep interest in him. We had met for the first time that afternoon, and to look at him you would have said he had long years of life and health before him.

“‘He did not sneer or scoff at my words, though he seemed surprised at a stranger thus so solemnly accosting him.

“‘Thank you,’ he said quite earnestly, and we each passed on our way, I going home to ask the Lord of the harvest for His own blessing on the seed sown by the wayside, that He would not allow it to be devoured by the fowls of the air, so ready to snatch it away. Even as I prayed this young man’s face came before me again and again, till I cried, ‘Bless him, Lord; save him.’ Little I thought how soon, and under what circumstances, we should meet again.

“‘On the following Tuesday night, only two days later, I had just retired to my room for the night, and was about to extinguish my light, when a loud knocking at the street door made me throw up my window to see what was the matter.

“ ‘Who is there?’ I asked, seeing a young man standing at the door.

“ ‘Are you Mr.■?’ was the answer.

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Will you come at once and see a young man in E■ Street? He is dying, and wants you.’

“ ‘Have you not made a mistake? I know no one in E■ Street.’

“ ‘No, sir; are you not the gentleman who gave a young man a book on Sunday afternoon called Just in Time?’

“ ‘Yes, I am; what of it?’

“‘Please come at once,’ he said, ‘and I will tell you going along.’

“ ‘Hastily I dressed and went out into the summer’s night, guided by my companion. On our way towards E■ Street he told me that his mate had gone down the shaft that afternoon as usual, and had jumped out of the bucket ere it reached the bottom; he had done it dozens of times before, and feared no danger, but this time as he jumped his foot slipped. The descent of the bucket closed an iron trap-door, thus making a firm foundation for the vessel to rest upon. Owing to his foot slipping he was a moment too late to get clear of the iron door, and was caught by its closing, and crushed between it and the side of the shaft. His breast bones were broken in, and he was lying there, his friend said, in terrible agony, unable to speak, only making a gurgling sound if he attempted it, and just gasping for breath, while his life seemed ebbing fast away.

“‘By the time the young man had finished his story, adding many details which I need not relate to you now, we reached the cottage, and I entered. What a scene met my gaze! There lay the fine strong man, whom I had seen only two days before in the full vigor of health and youth, now absolutely helpless. The pallor of his face was ghastly, his eyes were almost starting in their

sockets, feebly he gasped for breath, and over him hung his young wife, the wife of but one short week, with lips and cheeks almost as colorless as his own, in speechless, tearless agony.

“He looked fixedly at me as I entered, and tried to speak; it was useless, no word would come.

“Shall I read with you and pray for you? I said.

“He made a low hissing sound, the only approach to ‘Yes’ he could make.

“I read to him that ‘God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life’; and I spoke to him of the love of God in desiring his salvation; of the efficacy of the blood of Christ to save him. I told him he was lost and ruined by nature, but that Jesus came to seek and to save the lost; that Jesus had been seeking him, wanted him; that having done the work by which sin could be put away out of God’s sight, He could now bring the sinner right into God’s presence. As simply as I could, I besought him to take his place as a sinner and trust Jesus as a Saviour; and then I knelt down and besought the God of grace to give him faith now to lay hold of Christ ere it were too late, to give him the knowledge of the forgiveness of all his sins through that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin.

“Even as I prayed, one after another of his mates came crowding into the little room, all full of rough sympathy, and many a coat sleeve was brushed across the eyes of brave men to hide the tears that would rise unbidden at the sight of the strong man’s agony, and the young wife’s speechless woe.

“The scene was too much for me, and for a few moments I went aside into the open air, lest I should break down entirely, for rarely, if ever, had I seen a sight so pitiful.

“I had been but a few minutes out of the room when my name was called hurriedly, and I returned to the sick man’s side. As I entered the room his eyes rested on me entreatingly, with a look at once despairing and beseeching. Again I said, ‘Shall I read and pray?’ and again came the painful effort on his part to speak, and then the low hissing sound of assent. I read to him this time the story of the father and the prodigal (Luke 15), and then I also read to him the prayers of the Pharisee and the publican, and repeated this one verse, ‘Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.’ And while strong men bowed and wept, I cried to God once more, to the living God, to save his soul now at the eleventh hour, and to give him the knowledge of pardon and peace and salvation through the blood of the Lamb.

“I finished, his face changed. The damp of death and the pallor of the grave were upon it, but hope lighted it up, despair had fled. He signed for a drink, and his wife held the glass of water to his lips while he raised, his head gently to enable him to take it. He drank a little, and then, to the amazement of all, he who had been unable to utter a sound beyond the low hissing noise so painful to listen to, said out in a clear painless voice, and with eyes lifted up as though he saw the One to whom he was speaking■

“‘Just in time! God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus Christ’s sake, Amen!’

“He had scarcely uttered the last word when his head fell back on the pillow, a little shivering sigh escaped him, and we were in the presence of the dead.

“Never shall I forget the scene. To many a one present it was a warning word from the very gates of death, the brink of eternity, and God used it for blessing.”

Reader, will not you take warning by it, lest for you not “Just in time,” but “Too late,” be the terrible words that record your fate?

Sel.

Bill Sykes

The name of Bill Sykes has been made to represent ruffianism by the use of the name in Charles Dickens, in connection with one of the characters he employs. The Bill Sykes of our story was a well-known figure to some in the east end of London.

Some time ago a city missionary was asked, at the close of a meeting, to visit a dying man. He gladly complied, and soon he found himself in the presence of the well-known fruit peddler, Bill Sykes.

The missionary opening his Bible at the 3rd chapter of John read the story of Nicodemus. Sykes listened respectfully, but his only comment was "That's funny." His ignorance disconcerted the preacher, and in sheer desperation he closed the Book and prayed.

A woman at the bedside thinking the preacher was about to leave, said, "Bill Sykes, pull yourself together and listen."

The missionary then read the story of the Brazen Serpent, and this drew the remark, "That's clever, isn't it?" The case seemed hopeless, and the preacher left promising to call again.

This he did many times with similar results, but one day on visiting him, Sykes said, "Do pray for me, I want to be saved." It was happy work now telling the old, old story simply to this thirsty soul, and after hearing that the Saviour bore his sins and suffered on the cross of shame for him he said,

"I see it all now; He suffered for me then."

Yes, replied the missionary; and the dying man was led to rest upon the Saviour. Isaiah 43:25 being the Scripture which seemed used to his blessing, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

From time to time his friends called, and if the missionary was there, Sykes was always anxious that they should hear the same good news. "You can have it for nothing, mate," was his remark one day; and again, "give him that little bit."

"What bit?"

"That little bit about Christ taking my place, and how He bore my punishment for me."

To the close of his life he was filled with joy in his newly found Saviour.

"Aye sir," said he to a visitor one day, "it was that little bit did the business." This was Bill's way of expressing the truth which many ignore, Substitution.

The word would no doubt have puzzled him, but he knew the blessed truth of it.

J.W.H. N.

Last Words for November

We are nearing the end of our busiest year, and the year of our greatest need. We are thankful for the prayers of our readers.

“I Will Pray for You”

Dear Sir, ■Kindly accept P.O. enclosed in my Master’s name for your work in the cause of Christ. God will water the seed that is sown by your sending His word to those who need it. I will pray for you. — Yours in His glad service, R.S.

“With Prayerful Interest”

Dear Sir, — I have pleasure in enclosing £3 towards your blessed work for God. May He give you strength for your labor of love. With prayerful interest. ■Yours sincerely. L.H.

A Thank offering and Prayer

Dear Sir, ■We enclose a P.O. as a thank-offering, to Almighty God for the way He has bountifully supplied our needs. "He doeth all things well," and no prayer is too weak or small for Him to answer.... Thanking you and praying for your precious work, ■Yours very sincerely, Mr. and Mrs. S■.

Kathleen's Gift

Dear Dr. Wreford, ■Enclosed please find 5s. towards your work amongst the children. My little girl, Kathleen, sends her sixpence which her Dada gave her recently. She at once came to me and said it was to be sent to Dr. Wreford for that children. I did not suggest it, but was very pleased to see it so freely given for your good work, which is so much needed in these sad days, when Satan is doing his utmost to ensnare the dear children. May the Lord abundantly bless your labors on their behalf.... Trusting you are feeling better in health and with our united Christian love, ■ Yours sincerely in

R. M. M.

“It’s Good to Get a Message From Him”

Rotherham.

A Christian writes: I have been out to a village three miles from here and distributed the tracts from house to house this afternoon. The people seemed glad to have them. One old woman to whom I said “Here’s a ‘Message from God’ to you,” replied “Ay, Miss, it’s good to get a message from Him.” ■ Yours sincerely, K.P.

The Ways of God

By the Editor

“A Message from God” 39 Years Old

My Very Dear Friends,

God, in His great mercy, has allowed me to edit “A Message from God” for 39 years this December. When I was first asked by a publisher to edit a gospel magazine, I felt the responsibility to be too great, but God through all these 39 years has helped, and blessed and sustained.

In quiet hours of eventide it is good to recall the fervor of tireless days and nights, when the Lord sent us to work in His harvest fields. We feel now the rapture of those days, when the “gathered sheaves” were brought to His feet. We remember how, with soul aflame, we saw the lights of heaven shining out over the great deeps of human need: the glory of the risen Christ flooding all the heaving billows of life’s unquiet sea. When through His wondrous grace, He filled, our soul with the awfulness of sin, and the need of a sinner of a Saviour’s love and sacrifice. Oh! days of long ago, ye cannot come again as then.

The meridian hour of life must pass, with all its strength for service.

We think of those with whom we labored, who now have passed into His presence. We recall the fervor of their prayers, the comfort of their presence, the characteristics that marked their Christian personality and pathway. Do we sometimes long to hear their voices once again? Do we wish at times to feel the pressure of their loving hands once more, and to see in their eyes the light that has faded, never to shine on earth again? Do we miss their encouragement and their sympathy? Is there now and then a sense of loneliness in service, now that many of those who understood us best have been called home? It may be so; but when everything closes up down here He remains. We can rejoice in this, that “He is the same, yesterday, to day, and forever.” This blessed assurance covers time and eternity: covers all the “light afflictions” with the glory of abiding love. It makes us feel that all the resources of heaven are for the solace and strength of our souls. “Thou remainest.” We lose many of our loved ones in the work, friends of many years; thank God for those who remain. We sorrow over our sins and failures; He remains to restore our souls, and to make good every promise as we pass through all the joys and sorrows of Christian life. With great humbleness of heart, we can say that God has greatly blessed our efforts in the Gospel work of “A Message from God.” Those who distribute it tell us constantly of many conversions through the Holy Spirit using it. We have made a host of Christian friends through it, who with generous warmth have told us that it has many times been “A Message from God” to their souls, and to many others to whom they have given it. I hope God will permit me to edit the magazine until the Lord comes, or until my work is done.

The Sweetness of Human Sympathy

How sweet is human sympathy to the heart of an evangelist! My heart is full as I think now of the overwhelming sympathy, and Christian love, and prayer, that have been mine for more than 50 years of Gospel work. It is a terrible battle this strife with sin and Satan. The soldiers of the Cross seem few, and the battalions of the enemy to be multitudinous in their fierce array. God help us, we must not give in: God help us, we must press on: God help us, we must overcome: God help us, we must go from victory to victory: God help us, there must be no parleying with the enemy. We must be out and out for Jesus—true soldiers of the Cross. And let us help one another. How I have been helped this year by the hundreds of letters I have received brimful of encouragement. To my deep sorrow I have not been able to answer many, suffering as I have been from “writers’ cramp,” but I have seen all and read all, and thanked God for all. If God spares me, I hope to be a better correspondent in 1924.

I also remember before God in deep thankfulness all the friends, God-given, who have helped and are now helping us daily in our work for God. The Lord bless them.

Two precious memories from the past stand out before me as I write. My beloved father’s help all through my gospel days until he left us, and his never-to-be-forgotten prayers for me and my work for souls when he was close to eternity. The fragrance of those prayers, spoken to God nearly 40 years ago is with me now, and tears unbidden start, as I hear again, like far-off music, the words, “God sustain and bless Thy servant in the Victoria Hall,” “God be with him in all he seeks to do for Thee,” “God bless and sustain him.” More, much more, was said in those hallowed breathings of his heart to God. He is in heaven with all of those whom he helped to Christ in our meetings and elsewhere, and bright will he that eternity where he and all the redeemed ones can realize the truth of the last hymn my father sang on earth, voicing the glories of our blessed Lord—

“Glory, glory everlasting,

Be to Him who bore the cross;

Who redeemed our souls by tasting

Death, the death deserved by us!

Spread His glory,

Who redeemed His people thus.”

The other precious memory is of the love and help of our well-esteemed and beloved brother Mr. W. K. He gave me counsel and advice when I was a young man about the taking of the Victoria Hall for our services. He was wholehearted with me in my work there, and he lectured and preached there whenever he came to Exeter. His last address was given in the Victoria Hall. When his wife was passing away he wrote me a post card, sitting by her bed-side, encouraging me to go on with my work. Every one of my printed “Victoria Hall Addresses” were sent to him to be read

and corrected before they were printed. He, amid all his other work, gladly did this to encourage a young evangelist in his work for God.

Yes, this is the time to encourage one another. We shall all praise together yonder. You know, doubtless, those beautiful words about "Alabaster Boxes of Human Sympathy." The writer says: ■

"Do not keep the Alabaster Boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have Alabaster Boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Postmortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

A Wish and a Prayer

Lord of my heart, and of the ripened grain,

Grant me Thy strength 'mid weariness and pain;

Give me to know I labor not in vain,

Only for Thee.

Good-bye for this year, and God bless you, dear friends.

Yours for Christ's sake,

Heyman Wreford.

Standing at the Open Portals of Eternity

A solemn place, my reader, where you and I are standing now, at the close of 1923. What will be our eternal destiny? All the world is standing there. All the men, and women, and children of the world; and all must enter those solemn portals—enter as sinners saved, or as sinners lost. There is a difference after death, the Bible tells us—a difference in condition that will last through all eternity. None of my readers can believe that Cain is in heaven, or Balaam, or Judas, or Voltaire, or Tom Paine. You know they cannot be, “These shall go away into everlasting punishment.” Listen to this text: “He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.” This is one side, bright and beautiful. You can only overcome by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Wholehearted faith in God’s beloved Son—the world’s Redeemer. Now listen to the other side, and judge where you are as regards eternity, at the close of 1923: “But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone which is the second death” (Rev. 21:7 and 8).

Now, where are you in all this? We will give you dying examples of saints and sinners, the saved, and the lost, who went into eternity rejoicing or despairing, to face endless happiness or eternal woe, and they knew in either case what was before them. Do you?

Bishop Gilbert Haven.

“The lifting of the veil to the dying Christian,” a writer says, “oftentimes permits a spiritual vision of as much of God’s presence, and as much of the glory and rapture of heaven’s joys as the soul can endure while in the body. There is perhaps no more wonderful illustration of this than in the last moments of Bishop Gilbert Haven, in 1880. When Daniel Steele, who had been hastily summoned to his bedside, entered the room, the Bishop exclaimed: ‘O Dan! Dan! a thousand blessings on you; the Lord has been giving you great blessings and me small ones, but now He has given me a great one. He has called me to heaven before you.’ Dr. Steele asked: ‘Do you find the words of Paul true: “O, death, where is thy sting?” The Bishop replied: ‘There is no death; there is no death. I have been fighting death for six weeks; today I find there is no death.’ Then he repeated the Scripture: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.” Shall never see death. Glory! glory! glory!

“When Dr. Mallalieu came into the room, Haven put his arms around his neck, drew him to his face and exclaimed: ‘You and I would not have it so if we had our way, but God knows best. It is all right; all right. Oh, it is so beautiful, so pleasant, so delightful. I see no river of death. God lifts me up in His arms. There is no darkness; it is all light and brightness. I am gliding away into God, floating up into heaven.’ As the hour of death came near, his faith failed not. His right hand was dead, and black from mortification, but holding up his arm, and gazing at his perishing member ‘for a moment, he said with triumph: ‘I believe in the resurrection of the body.’ Lying in the arms of Dr. Mallalieu, his life fast ebbing away, he rallied a little from a death-like exhaustion, and exclaimed: ‘I am wonderfully upborne, angels are all around me.’ To another he said, ‘He is a whole Saviour, a

full Saviour. Glory to God for such a salvation!”

Last words of Mirabeau. ■ “My sufferings are intolerable; I have within me a hundred years of life, but not a moment’s courage. Give me more laudanum that I may not think of eternity.”

Voltaire. ■ “I am abandoned by God and man! Oh, Christ! O, Christ Jesus!” He then said “Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months of life.” The doctor answered, “Sir, you cannot live six weeks.” Voltaire replied, “Then I shall go to hell!” and soon after expired.

Tom Paine. ■ “I would give worlds if I had them, if the Age of Reason had never been published. O, Lord, help me! Christ help me! stay with me; it is hell to be left alone!”

Mrs. Mary Francis. ■ “Oh that I could tell you what rapture I possess! The Lord doth shine with such power upon my soul. He is come! He is come!”

Margaret Prior. ■ “Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory.”

Sir Francis Newport. ■ “See how I have despised my Maker and derided my Redeemer; I have joined myself to the atheists and profane, and continued this course under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance and the judgment of God overtook me, when my security was the greatest and the checks of my conscience were the least. Oh, that there were no God, or that this God could cease to be, for I am sure He will have no mercy upon me. I wish there was a possibility of getting above God; that would be heaven to me. Oh, that I was to lie upon the fire that is never to be quenched a thousand years to purchase the favor of God and be united to Him again! But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my torments than one poor hour.” Just before the end came he cried out: “O, Eternity! Eternity! Oh, the forlorn hopes of him that has no God to flee to!”

J.D.L.

Poor Carlyle, in his last sickness, said, “Here am I, a poor lone old man, dimly looking into a dark, uncertain future.”

Last Words to His Mother

There is a lesson to be learned in the death of Joy Sterritt, a farm boy, which must not be lost. Their story is a tragic one, with many a tug upon the heart strings.

One night in December, Joy Sterritt rode out upon his father's farm to round up some cattle, in preparation for a sale to be held next day. He rode a horse which his mother had expressly forbidden him to ride. The horse shied at something and threw the boy into a creek in the pasture, breaking his spine and paralyzing his body from the hips down. Unable to extricate himself, Joy Sterritt remained in the creek, supported by the ice, all through that cold December night until morning came, when his strength failed and he slipped down to his death.

During the night, with the aid of a flash light, he wrote messages to his mother. As the hours passed, and he realized the end was approaching, these messages became ever more tender and loving. Through them all ran remorse that he had brought this trouble on himself, and this grief upon others by his disobedience. Likewise there ran through them all unconquerable faith in God to whom he had turned in his misery.

"God bless you, mother, I would be better off if I had always listened to your advice," he wrote in the early hours of the night, "Don't worry about me, for I am sure that God is with me tonight. Oh, mother, I am so glad I was brought up in a Christian home," he wrote later on.

As the hours wearily wore away, he described his position and his suffering. Always he asked those who loved him not to grieve. Always faith in God ran through the painfully scrawled lines.

A short time before morning, when the inevitable was almost upon him, he roused himself to write, maybe someone will see my flashlight and come. I am going to keep up as long as I have strength. I do want to see you all so much. There is a verse keeps running through my head, and it is so beautiful, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And then, at the last, "Well, mother, dear, it will soon be over. I'm, in a hurry to go now. My suffering will soon be over now."

Oh, disobedience, how much suffering comes from thee! O, faith, how much comfort and blessing comes from thee! Disobedience sent Joy Sterritt to die in his father's pasture. But faith bore him up, in the zero hour of the early morning and took him to his Father's home. Praise the Lord.

The Dying Kiss for His Mother

A soldier, home from the war, told the following in a meeting. He said his brother came home one day and said he had enlisted. He went down to the recruiting officer and put his name next to his brother's; there was no name between them; he said they had never been separated one day in their lives, and he said he did not mean to have his brother go into the army without him, and they were in a number of battles together. In one terrible battle his brother was mortally wounded. He knelt by his side, put a knapsack under his head, and made him as comfortable as he could, bent over and kissed him and was leaving him. The dying man said, "Charlie, come back here; let me kiss you upon your lips."

He went back, and his brother kissed him on the lips and said "There, take that home to my dear mother, and tell her I died praying for her."

Then he heard him say, "This is glorious." And he asked him, "My dear brother, what is glorious?"

He answered, "O it is glorious to die looking up. I see Christ in heaven," and in a few moments he was there.

It is glorious to die looking up. But if we die looking up, we have got to live looking up. We have got to live trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. In this dark day of confusion and infidelity, when it is all around us, let us hold on to the glorious old Bible, God's Book, and to the blessed teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is none like it.

The Peril of Compromise

In a pithy little tract, by Pastor D. M. Panton, the peril of compromise is pointed out by an incident reported by the late Dr. Wilbur Chapman. A tramp once entered an evangelistic meeting. At the close it was thrown open for anyone to speak. He arose and said, "This is the chapel I used to attend when I was a little boy. My father was an officer in this church. He used to sit in that pew. There were seven of us boys in the Sunday School class, and we very much loved and respected our teacher. She used to take us home on Saturday afternoons, and we used to have some music and refreshment, and then we had a look over the lesson for the following day. After a bit, in order to keep hold of us, she introduced us to cards. She showed us how to play them, and she showed us a number of tricks, and so on. We soon began to ask her to have a little less of the lesson and a little more of the cards, and to show us a few more tricks. Shortly after this we began ceasing to go to the house at all, and we took to cards and cigarettes at other places. Then we took to gambling, and as a matter of course we left the Sunday School and her evening class altogether. I want to tell you what has become of those boys. Two of those boys have been hanged; three others are in state prisons for life; the sixth one, if the police knew where he is, would be there also; and if they knew I was here, I should be behind bars in double-quick time. All I have got to say is that I do wish my Sunday School teacher had never taught us boys to play cards." He had no sooner finished than a woman dressed in black staggered forward and fell before his feet and cried, "My God, I am that Sunday School teacher!"

Oh! Sunday School teachers, with all your splendid opportunities to work for God and Christ among the children. Is it your definite aim to bring them to Christ? How many have you brought to the Lord Jesus this year? Do you press home to them the need of their souls, or do you fill up the precious hour of opportunity on Sunday afternoons, by reading tales to them or by doing those things to interest and perhaps amuse that lead them from Christ instead of to Christ? Let your motto be, "My class for God." Christ says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Are you leading them to Him?

Extract From a Letter About Card Playing

“I used to be very fond of whist, and saw no harm in the game when played as a pastime in the family circle and parties. But when the Lord carne into my life, and I see now what I saw dirtily, that a Christian must glorify Jesus in the whole life, in every thought and word and act, and card playing does not do so, so I gave it up, and one whom I dearly love in our family much resented it, but as Mr. W. H. I. said, when relating his conversion and the subsequent cutting off of his operatic career, ‘I could not walk with one foot on the path and the other in the gutter.’”

“After Many Days”

How encouraging for those who often “sow in tears”... “bearing precious seed” to know that “My word... shall accomplish that which I please.” One, whose letters I value, writes of the remarkable conversion of a Kurana man (robber). The writer says in her letter: “I gave a new Testament almost ten years ago to a robber, but without any regard for the Testament. He kept it underneath the roof. After some years his brother saw it there and began to read it. One day, to my surprise, he made his way to our church; there he gave his simple story how he decided for Christ, before all the others; so pray that he may lead a life of blessing to many.”

May that precious exhortation speak with fresh power to all our hearts (1 Cor. 15:58).

A. A. L.

“Something Better”

What a joy thrills through an old person’s heart when told of a word spoken in younger days that has been blessed of God to a dear one. So it was with me yesterday, when a niece of mine told me how I had told her of “something better” than what she wanted when she was a young girl. She said to me, “Oh! Auntie dear, I do want to learn to dance,” and I replied, “I can tell you of something better. Get Christ into your heart and you won’t want to learn to dance, for you will dance with spiritual joy and rejoice in knowing Him, your blessed Lord and Master, your Saviour and your Redeemer.” “Yes, indeed,” she said. “I have found it quite true. Christ in me the hope of glory, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.”

Emily P. Leakey.

The Star in God's Window

In the closing months of the Great War an order was issued by the Government of the United States granting permission to any American citizen who had given a son to the war to place a star on a window-pane of his house. Full advantage was taken of this privilege, and many a lowly cottage and stately mansion in town and country proudly displayed this emblem of service and sacrifice.

One evening a father was walking through the streets of New York with his little son, to whom he had explained the significance of the star in the window. The lad was intensely interested, and kept an eager look out for the distinctive mark. Every time he saw it he clapped his hands. "Look, Daddy," he cried, "there's a house that has given a son to the war! And there's one with two stars! They must have given two sons. And there's a house with no star at all." Then, lifting his eyes still higher, he caught sight of the evening star shining in solitary splendor from the sky. A deeper note came into his voice as he cried, "Look, Daddy, God must have given His Son, for He has got a star in His window!"

Yes, indeed, there is a star in God's window, and it speaks of a love and sacrifice transcending all human thought and speech.

John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Amid all the gloom of sin and sorrow and death this star shines with undimmed radiance, assuring us that the love of God in Christ is the one abiding reality which cannot be blotted out by life's darkest mysteries or man's deepest transgression.

He has Saved me Himself

For sixteen years I was a minister. I looked upon it in the light of a profession. I was in reality an atheist. One day in the streets of Paris, I was accosted by a man with a pack on his back.

“Sir,” said he, “do you know that you are a sinner, and that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners? Go straight to Him and He will save you.”

Amazed, I answered not a word but immediately bent my steps homeward, where, shutting myself in my room I fell on my knees and turned to Christ with all my sins. I realized His presence, and there and then knew that He loved me. I was saved, and filled with joy and gratitude I praised God. I said to myself, how is it that an hour ago I did not believe there was a God, and now I know Him and that He loves me? The next day I went to a pastor and said, “Jesus has saved me.”

Looking at me with considerable surprise, he said, “Then you are convinced?”

“No,” I replied, ‘I did not need to be convinced.’ He has saved me Himself; I see it all now. He opened my eyes, and gave me pardon and eternal life; then I told him about meeting with the poor man, and what he said to me. To my extreme surprise he looked at me with a curious expression of displeasure, and said, “You refused to believe all I said to you, and now you believe what a poor man in the street said to you.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said I, “ it is God whom I have believed, not the poor man. If God chooses to speak by the lips of a poor man, He can. It was God who spoke to me.”

With the best intentions the pastor had worked for months at my brain, but he had not seen that my heart was miserable. The words that the poor man said went straight to my heart, and I turned to Christ. I believed on Him, and He filled me with His love and peace, and now for ten years I have been preaching His precious Gospel. ■A.F.

Heart Prayers for December, 1923

Christians! pray for the Gospel. Pray for the Christless perishing millions around. Let earnest daily prayers ascend to God for those still upon the road to hell. Pray for the poor drunkard, reeling onward to the pit; for the blasphemer, cursing God and man, with the wrath of God upon him; for the infidel whose daring lips deny the Christ of God; for the self-righteous walking quietly and decently to hell; for the deluded thousands who are making a Saviour of forms and ceremonies and neglecting Jesus; for the careless and indifferent, for the anxious and the troubled. Oh, pray for these. And, above all, pray for the unsaved friends and relatives of those already saved; for the unsaved husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and for parents still unsaved.

And pray for those who go forth to preach. Pray God to keep them humble and dependent, "Vessels meet for the Master's use."

May every Christian who reads this lift up the heart in loving and believing prayer. We shall feel the effect throughout every town and city in the land; yea, the waves of blessing shall break upon the far-off shores of other lands. Pray for the gospel, pray.

A Word for December, 1923

The Old Testament ends its words by keeping the saints looking for the “great and dreadful day of the Lord.”

The New Testament ends by keeping the bride waiting for her Lord, “Even so, come Lord Jesus.” Can we say “Amen” to this.

A Thought for December, 1923

Only a little while, and the laborers' toil will be over, and the rest will be won. Only a little while, and the Lord will come. What a change His coming will make for all His own! One moment here, the next amid all the glories of heaven! One moment waiting for Him, the next moment rising to meet Him! One moment suffering and sorrowing in a scene where sin and death reigns, the next moment walking with Him in white where there is no taint of sin and no shadow of death! "Occupy till I come" is His command.

A Christmas Gift to Our Work

Your Christmas gift of 30/- will enable us to send a Testament to 100 persons in need of one, and for £15 we can send to 1,000. The kindness of our many friends has enabled us to do this.

Our Distribution Through 1923

Total number of Bibles, Testaments, Gospels and Booklets, etc., etc., sent away from our depot in 1923 was

1,477,208

(one million, four hundred and seventy seven thousand, two hundred and eight). This is 142,720 more than last year.

Other particulars of our work for 1923 will be found in our Circular, which we shall be pleased to send to any who may not have received one.

Any gifts you may be led to send to help us in our increasing work for God may be addressed to ■ Dr. Heyman Wreford, "The Firs," Denmark Road, Exeter.

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